



THE
MORTARBOARD

•98



Anna E. H. Steyer. '98.

March 21. 1898.



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The Mortarboard

Published by

The Junior Class of Barnard College



"All this is the natural consequence of teaching
a girl to read."—The Rivals.



New York City

1897

THE REPUBLIC PRESS
NEW YORK



TO

MRS. ABRAHAM A. ANDERSON

AND TO

MRS. VAN WYCK BRINCKERHOFF

THIS BOOK

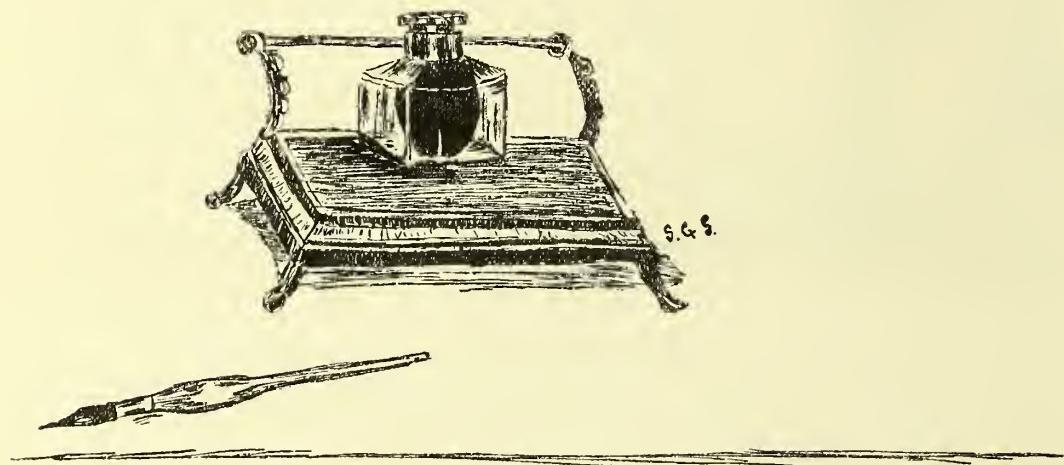
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FEARING that our publication may not be recognized under its new name, we, the editors, assure our readers that "THE MORTARBOARD" is the official successor of "THE BARNARD ANNUAL."

The end of all art is to please. With this sentiment in mind we have aimed to give to "THE MORTARBOARD" frivolity without flippancy, mirth without malice, a college atmosphere without pedantry—in short, to make it truly representative of the lighter and brighter side of our college life.

In view of our laudable and lofty aims, our friends, we hope, will forgive any seriousness or other faults that may have crept in unawares. If we have erred on the side of levity, be it known that the sin is merely the result of too strenuous efforts to live up to our standard.

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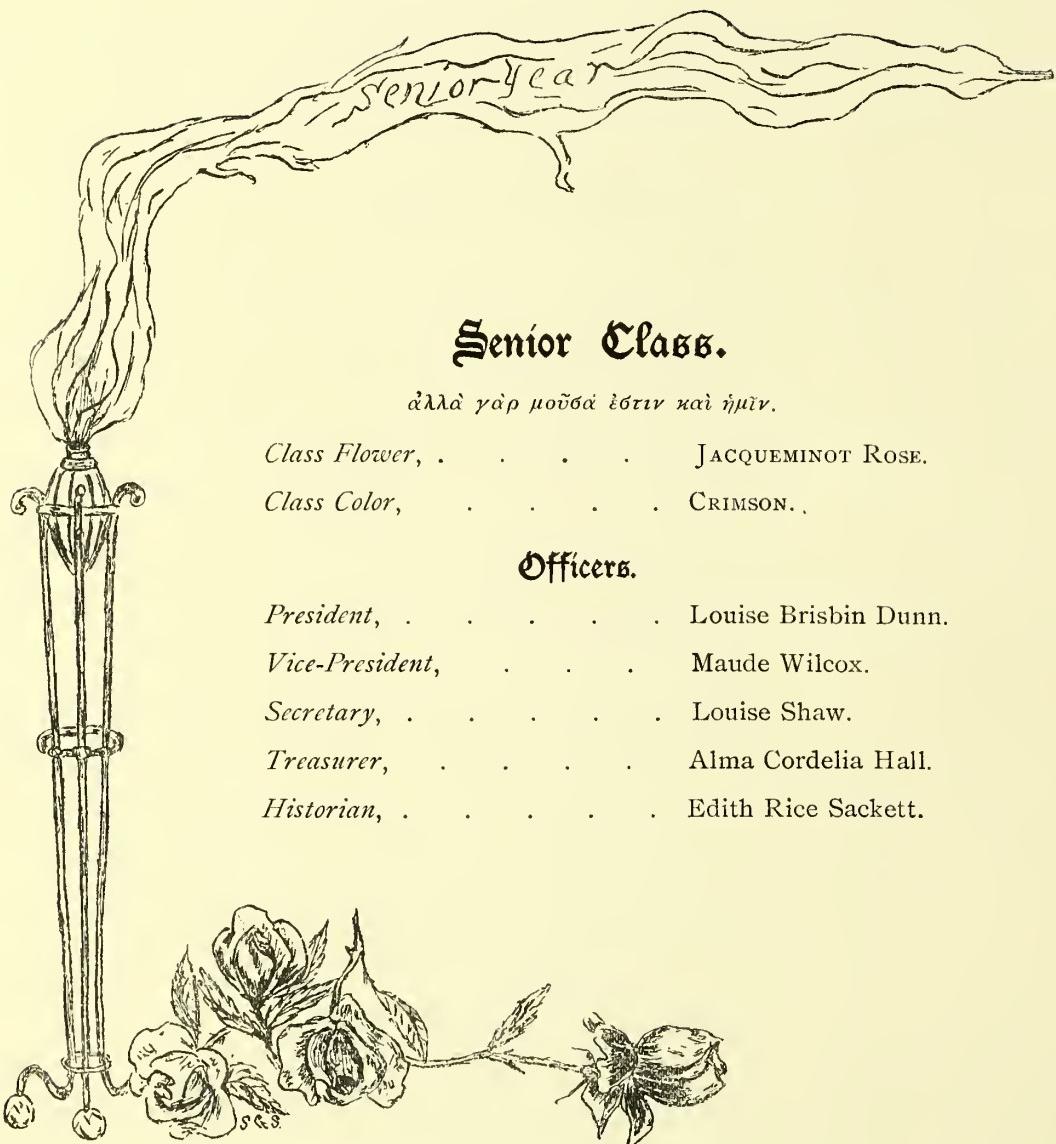
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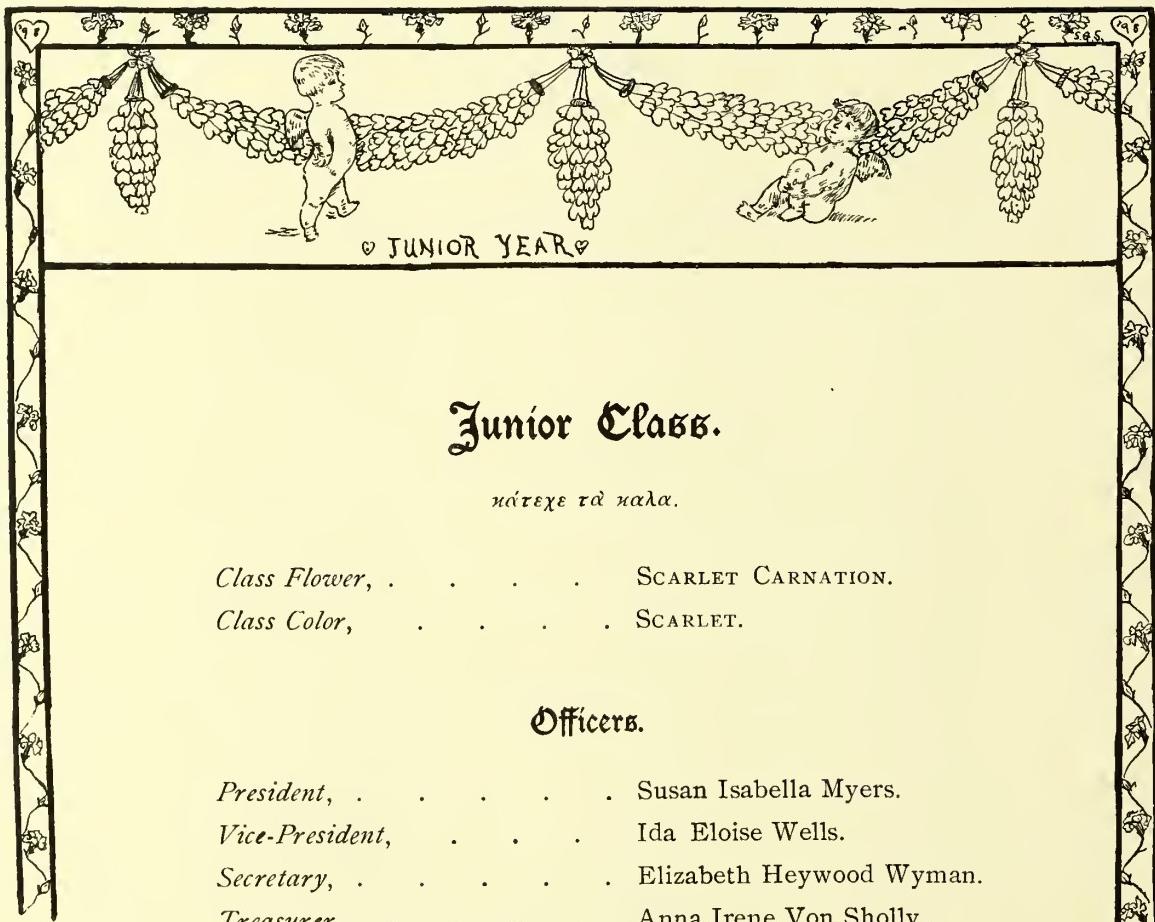
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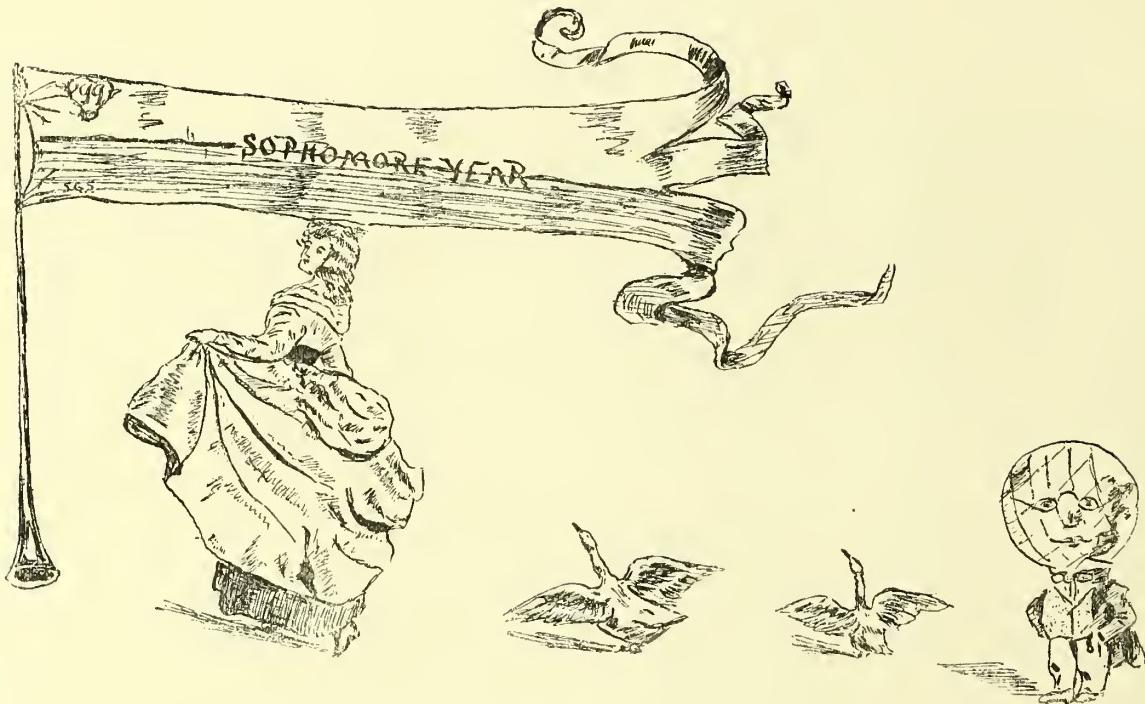
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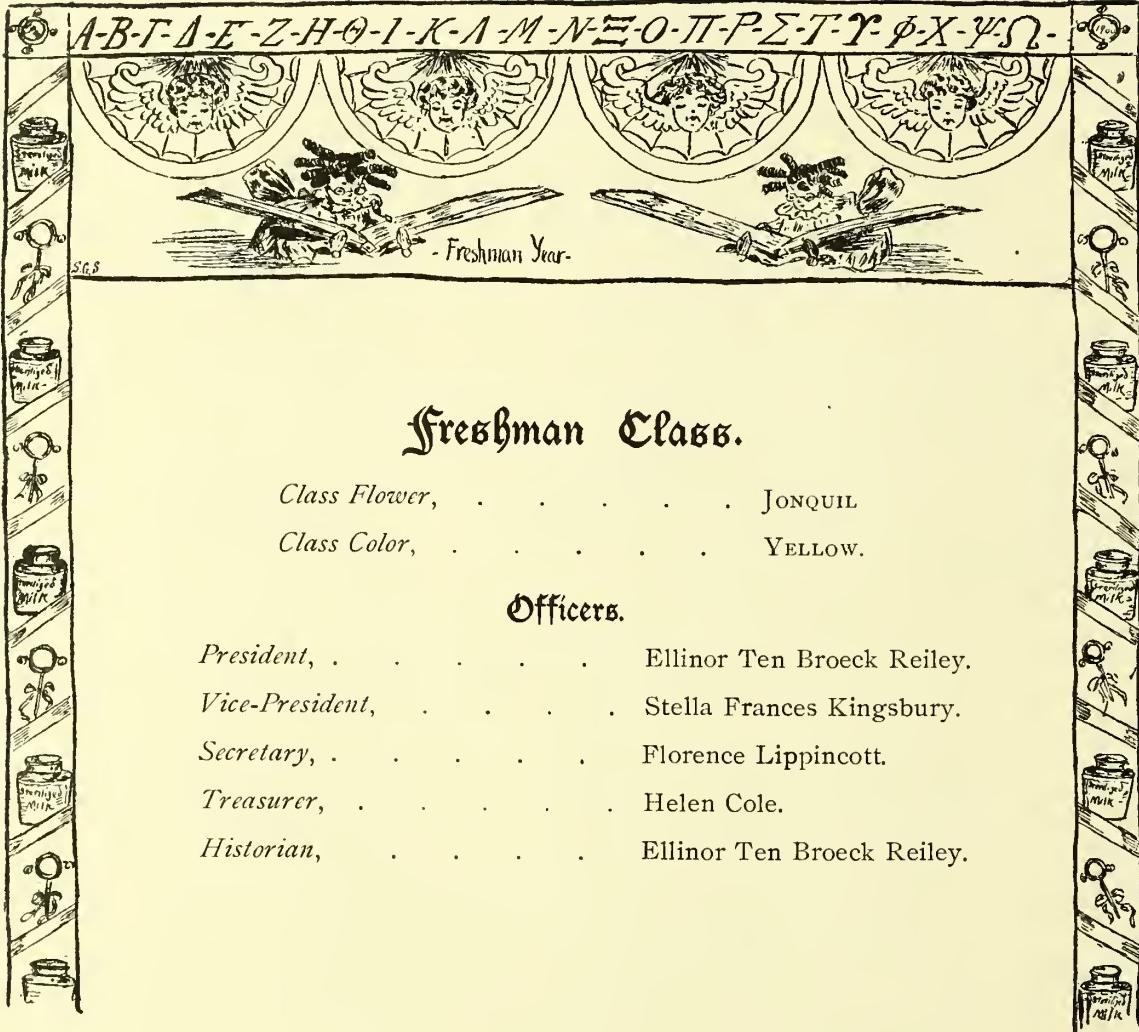
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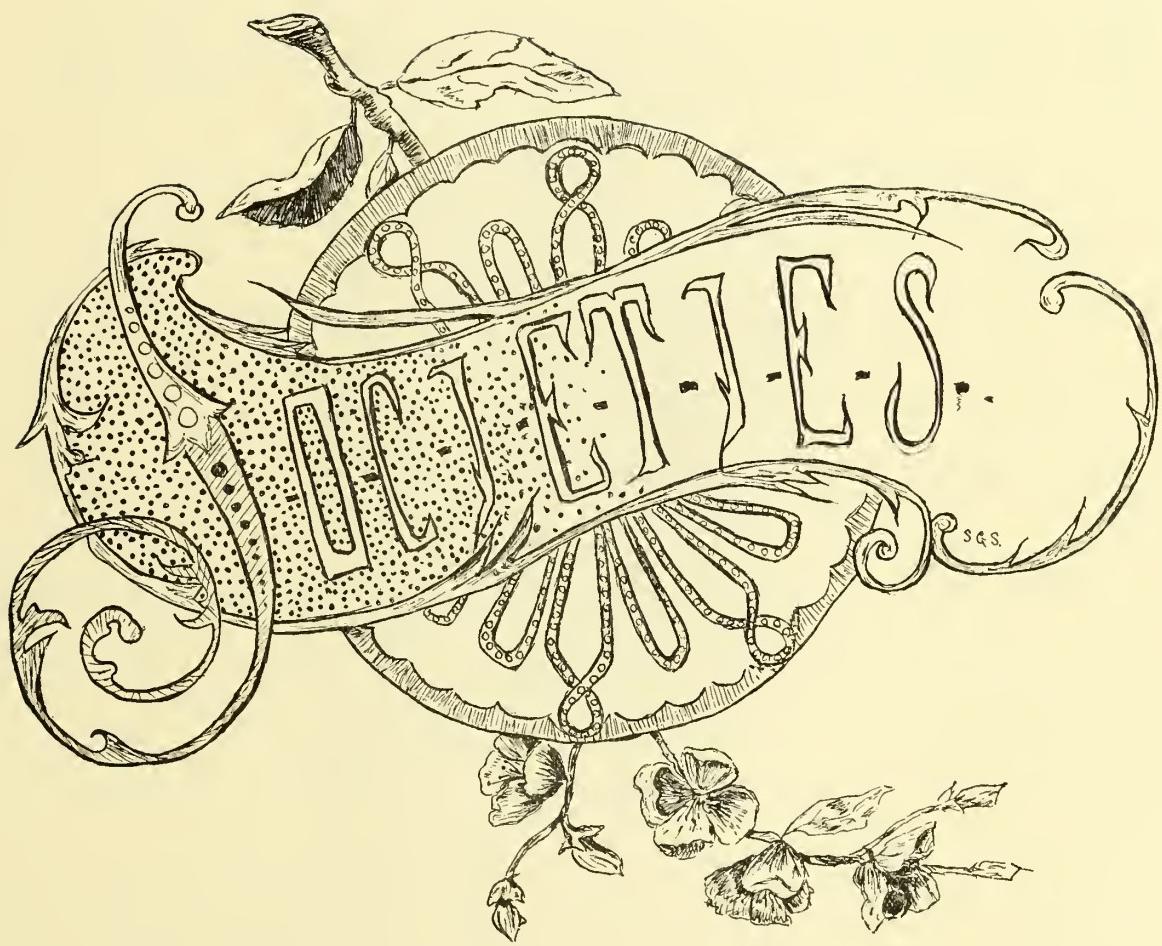
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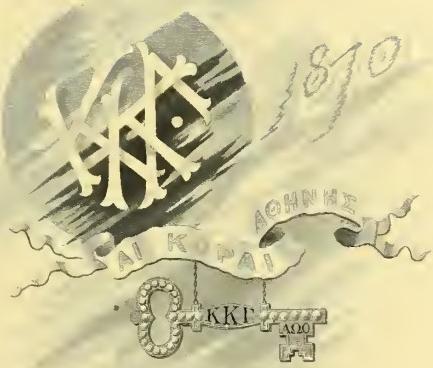


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- Louise Brisbin Dunn, '97.
- Louise Shaw, '97.
- Maude Wilcox, '97.
- Adaline Caswell Wheelock, '97.
- Clara de Lissa Berg, '98.
- Marjorie Jacobi, *Special*.
- Ella Roselle Lathrop, '98.
- Agnes Crawford Leaycraft, '98.
- Anna Emilie Helen Meyer, '98.
- Susan Isabella Myers, '98.
- Eleanor Frances Osborne, '98.
- Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, '99.
- Alté Stilwell, '99.



Dicker Phila

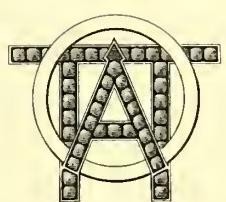
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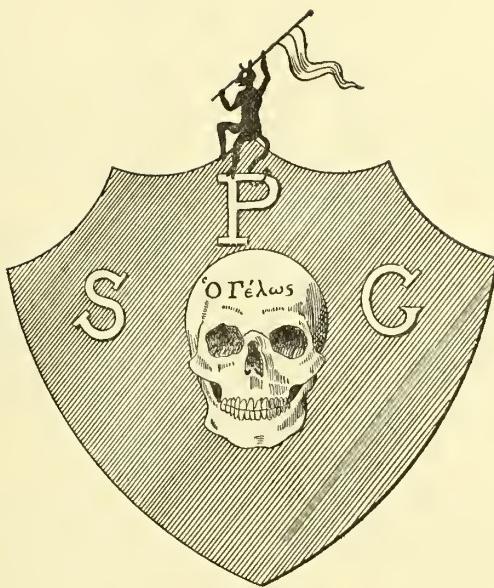
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BETA BETA,	St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York.
BETA EPSILON,	Barnard College, New York City.
BETA ETA,	Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, California.
BETA GAMMA,	Wooster University, Wooster, Ohio.
BETA IOTA,	Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.
BETA NU,	Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
BETA TAU,	Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York.
BETA THETA,	Chicago Associate Chapter, Chicago, Illinois.
BETA ZETA,	Iowa State University, Iowa City, Iowa.
CHI,	Minnesota University, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
DELTA,	Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.
EPSILON,	Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Illinois.
ETA,	University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.
GAMMA RHO,	Alleghany College, Meadville, Pennsylvania.
IOTA,	DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana.
KAPPA,	Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan.
LAMBDA,	Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio.
MU,	Butler College, Irvington, Indiana.
PHI,	Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts.
PSI,	Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.
SIGMA,	Nebraska State University, Lincoln, Nebraska.
THETA,	Missouri State University, Columbia, Missouri.
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XI,	Adrian College, Adrian, Michigan.
OMEGA,	Kansas State University, Lawrence, Kansas.

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- Anne Richardson Hall, '98.
- Jessie Wallace Hughan, '98.
- Edith Josephine Hulbert, Graduate.
- Helen St. Clair, '98.
- Stella George Stern, '98.
- Elizabeth Heywood Wyman, '98.





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Founded November, 1896.

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Stella Frances Kingsbury,
Florence Leslie Kyte,
Florence Lippincott,
Florence Oppenheimer,
Julie Wurzburger.

Martha Ornstein,
Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley,
Florence Miller Sill,
Sissie Straus,
Katharine Van Horne,
Evelina Werts,

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Founded April 7, 1892.

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<i>Vice-President</i> ,	Louise Brisbin Dunn, '97.
<i>Secretary</i> ,	Eleanor Frances Osborne, '98.
<i>Treasurer</i> ,	Cerise Emily Agnes Carman, '99.

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Edith Parker Striker, '99,	Florence Miller Sill, 1900.

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Ella Rosina Seligsberg, '99	Florence Leslie Kyte, 1900.

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Founded December 5, 1895.

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<i>Secretary,</i>	Mabel Hurd.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	Mabel Parsons.

Executive Committee.

Helen C. Annan,	Louise Place,
Mabel Hurd,	Amy F. F. Rowland,
Alice M. Keys,	Alice Sterne,
Mabel Parsons,	Helen J. Whiton.

Members.

Helen C. Annan,	Carrie Hammerslough,	Bertha Haven Putnam,
Marianna C. Brown,	Mary B. Harris,	Amy F. F. Rowland,
Mrs. F. G. Bryson,	Edith Josephine Hulbert,	Alice L. Seligsberg,
Katherine S. Burns,	Mabel Hurd,	Jessie F. Smith,
Clare Marie Burt,	E. J. Keller,	Alice Sterne,
Elsie N. Clews,	Alice M. Keys,	Etta Stettheimer,
Florence Colgate,	Mary M. Kingsbury,	Helen J. Whiton,
Louise Connolly,	Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont,	Elizabeth Williams,
Elizabeth B. Cutting,	Mary McMurtrie,	Zaidee Williams,
Dora B. Emerson,	Mabel Parsons,	Harriet Winfield,
Pauline D. Goldmark,	Louise Place,	Clara L. Ziegler.
Rose B. Gruening,	Eva Sherwood Potter,	

Honorary Members.

Jeannette Brown,	Lucia G. Grieve,	Isabella A. Reimer,
E. M. Boyce,	Elizabeth F. Nammack,	Flora M. Taylor,
Emily James Smith,	.	Dean.

Hap-Hazard Club.

Founded February, 1894.



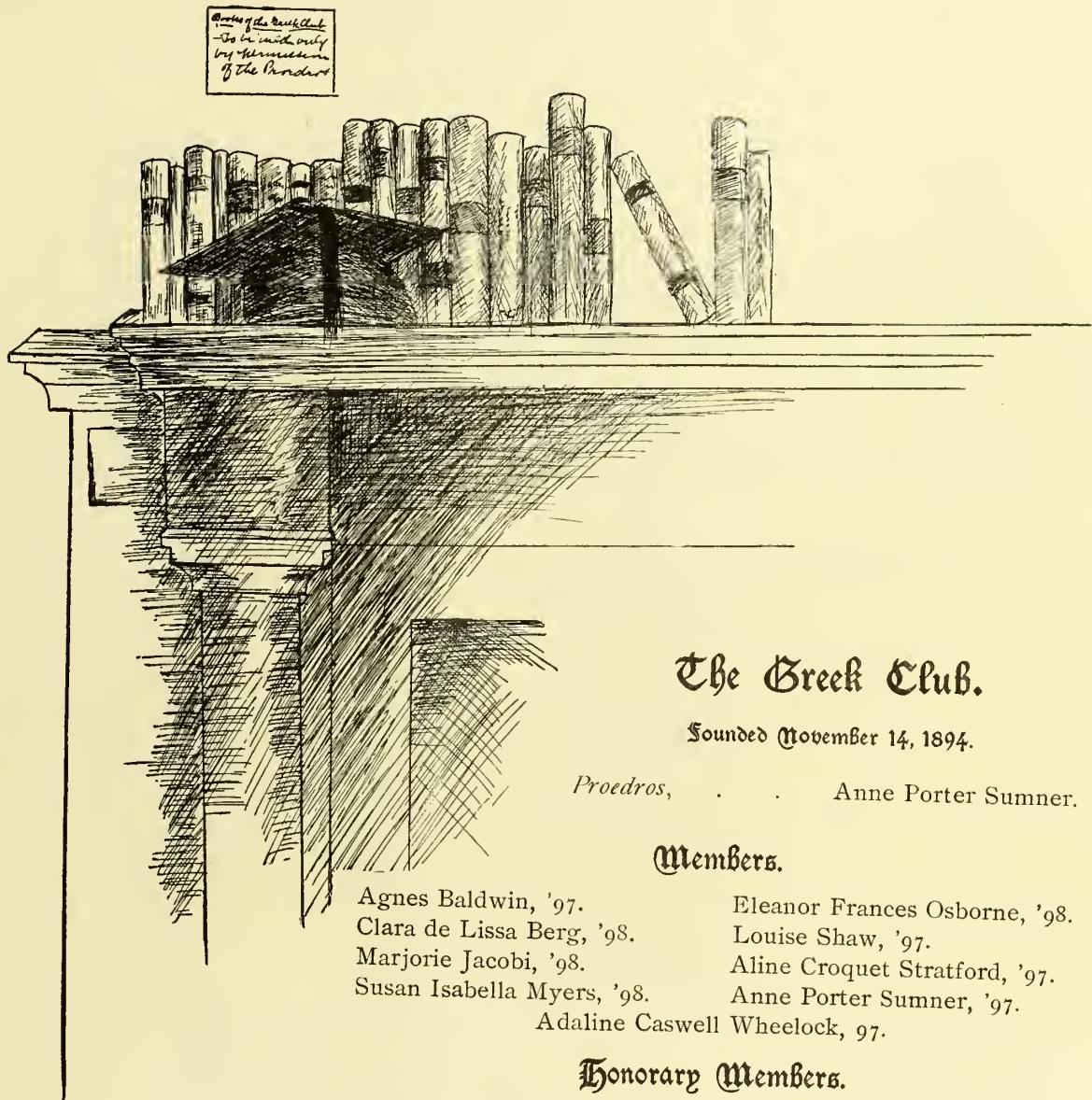
Officers.

<i>President</i> ,	Eleanor Frances Osborne, '98.
<i>Vice-President</i> ,	Edith Rice Sackett, '97.
<i>Secretary</i> ,	Agnes Crawford Leaycraft, '98.
<i>Treasurer</i> ,	Adaline Caswell Wheelock, '97.

Members.

Agnes Baldwin, '97.	Nellie Priscilla Fletcher, '97.
Clara de Lissa Berg, '98.	Cordelia Alma Hall, '97.
Edith Helen Boetzkes, '98.	Adelaide Camilla Hoffman, '99.
Mary Morell Brackett, '99.	Ella Roselle Lathrop, '98.
Adelaide Wells Brown, '97.	Agnes Crawford Leaycraft, '98.
Edith Phoebe Bucknam, '97.	Susan Isabella Myers, '98.
Louise Fuller De Hart, '98.	Eleanor Frances Osborne, '98.
Mary Bergmann Dobbs, '97.	Edith Rice Sackett, '97.
Florence Anderson Dowden, '97.	Ella Rosina Seligsberg, '99.
Estelle Elkus, '97.	Aline Croquet Stratford, '97.
Grace Lovina Fenton, '97.	Lillian Uppercu, '97.
Alice Medora Ferry, '97.	Adaline Caswell Wheelock, '97.
Maude Wilcox, '97.	





The Greek Club.

Founded November 14, 1894.

Proedros, Anne Porter Sumner.

Members.

Agnes Baldwin, '97.	Eleanor Frances Osborne, '98.
Clara de Lissa Berg, '98.	Louise Shaw, '97.
Marjorie Jacobi, '98.	Aline Croquet Stratford, '97.
Susan Isabella Myers, '98.	Anne Porter Sumner, '97.
	Adaline Caswell Wheelock, 97.

Honorary Members.

Mortimer Lamson Earle, Ph.D.	Edward Delavan Perry, Ph.D.
Emily James Smith, <i>Dean.</i>

The Barnard College Chapter of the College Settlements Association.

Founded 1895.



Officers.

Graduate Elector

Mrs. James Wells Finch.

Undergraduate Elector

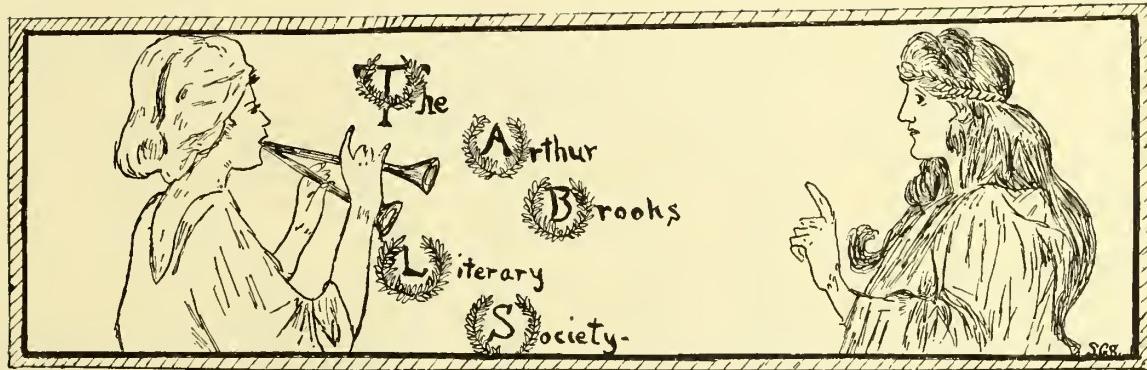
Clara de Lissa Berg, '98.

Recording Secretary

Maude Wilcox, '97.

Advisory Committee,

Dean Emily James Smith,
Dr. Emily L. Gregory.



Arthur Brooks Literary Society.

*S*ounded March, 1895.



Officers.

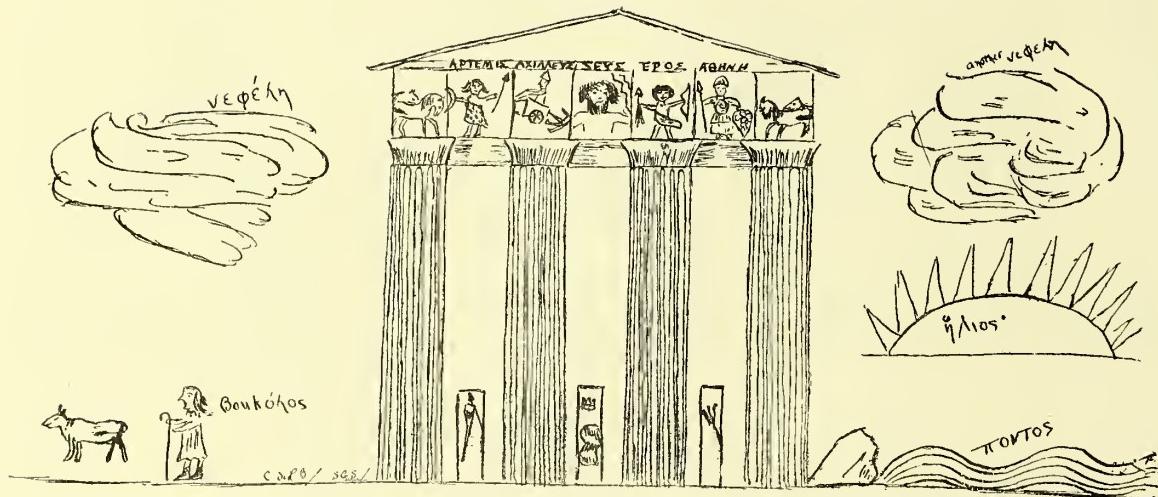
<i>President,</i>	.	.	.	Elizabeth Heywood Wyman,
<i>Vice-President,</i>	.	.	.	Ida Eloise Wells,
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	.	.	.	Katharine Stockton Hawkins.

Members.

Fannie Isabel Alward,
Edith Helen Boetzkes,
Louise Fuller De Hart,
Anne Richardson Hall,
Jessie Wallace Hughan,
Louise Elizabeth Lacey,

Ida Eloise Wells.

Agnes Crawford Leaycraft,
Grace Isabelle Pollard,
Jane Isabel Sargent,
Helen St. Clair,
Stella George Stern,
Anna Irene Von Sholly,



(Specimen of Amateur Scene-Painting.)
Alai-Hui's BACKGROUND FOR IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Aiai-Hui Dramatic Club.

Honorary Members.

Dr. Charles Knapp,

Mr. Henry Jagoe Burchell, Jr.

Officers.

President,

Stella George Stern, '98.

Directors,

{ Jessie Wallace Hughan, '98.

{ Fanny Isabel Alward, '98.

Members.

Fanny Isabel Alward, '98.

Jessie Wallace Hughan, '98.

Martha Ornstein, 1900.

Clara de Lissa Berg, '98.

Edith Josephine Hulbert, A. B.

Grace Isabelle Pollard, '98.

Edith Helen Boetzkes, '98.

Katharine Stockton Hawkins, '98.

Ella Rosina Seligsberg, '99.

Louise Fuller De Hart, '98.

Elsie Kupfer, '99.

Helen St. Clair, '98.

Agnes Lillian Dickson, '99.

Louise Elizabeth Lacey, '98.

Stella George Stern, '98.

Anne Richardson Hall, '98.

Ella Roselle Lathrop, '98.

Alté Stilwell, '99.

Adelaide Camilla Hoffman, '99.

Agnes Crawford Leaycraft, '98.

Anna Irene Von Sholly, '98.

Elizabeth Heywood Wyman, '98.



Barnard College Banjo Club.

Founded March, 1895.



Leader.

Helen St. Clair, '98.

Banjos.

Cerise Emily Agnes Carman, '99.
Anna Irene Von Sholly, '98.

Mandolin.

Helen St. Clair, '98.

Guitar.

Agnes Crawford Leaycraft, '98.

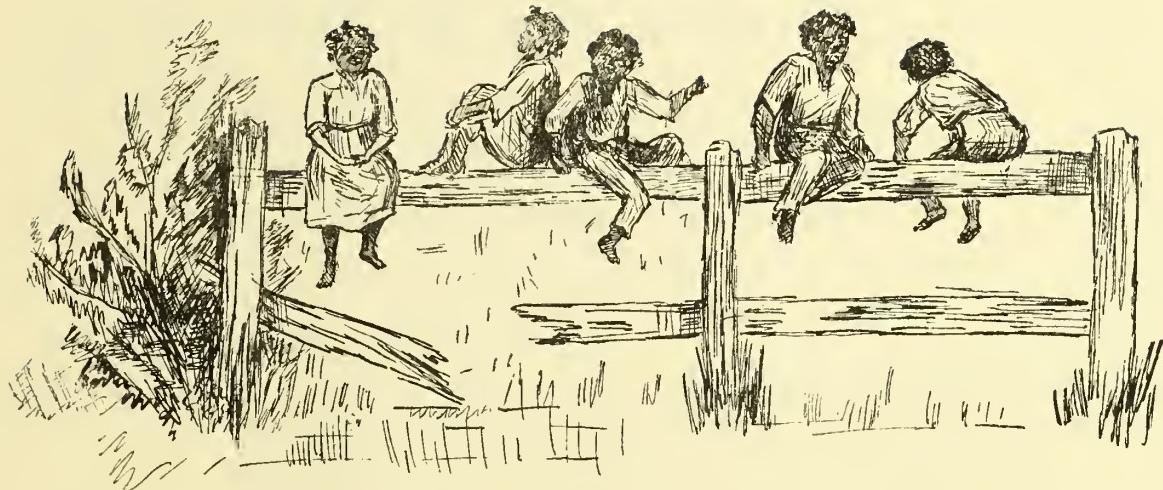
The Barnard College Bicycle Club.

Founded October, 1896.

Secretary, Adaline Caswell Wheelock, '97

Members.

Clara de Lissa Berg, '98,
Mary Bergman Dobbs, '97,
Ella Roselle Lathrop, '98,
Agnes Crawford Leaycraft, '98,
Eleanor Frances Osborne, '98,
Adaline Caswell Wheelock, '97.



Southern Club.

Founded January, 1897.

Secretary and Treasurer, Stella George Stern.

Active Members.

Stella George Stern, '98, New Orleans, La.

Anne Richardson Hall, '98, . . . St. Joseph, Mo.

Mary Loockerman Goldsborough, 1900, Easton, Md.

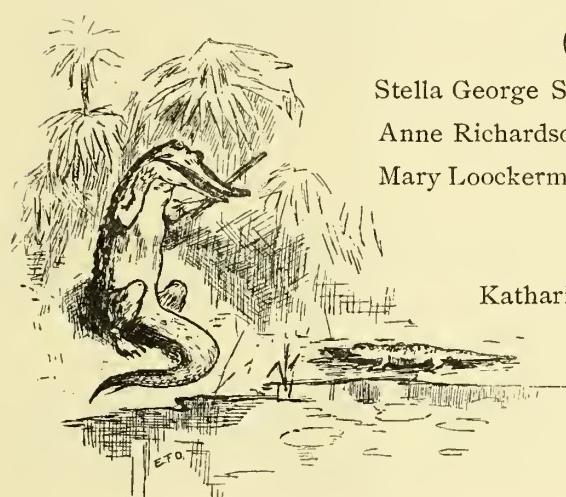
Associate Members.

Katharine Stockton Hawkins, '98.

Agnes Lillian Dickson, '99.

Alice Jane Gray Perkins, '99.

Harry Alonso Cushing, Ph. D.



The Greater New York Club.

Proposed—the day after the Southern Club was founded.

Extracts from Proposed Constitution.

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

The name of this club shall be the Greater New York Club.

ARTICLE II.

OBJECT.

The object of this club shall be two-fold:

- (a.) To increase among the students of Barnard College, a curiosity in, interest about, and reverence for the city known in history successively as the Island of Manhattan, New Amsterdam, New York, and Greater New York.
- (b.) To increase among the people of Greater New York a curiosity in, interest about, and reverence for the institution known as Barnard College.

ARTICLE III.

MEMBERSHIP.

There shall be five kinds of members—active, associate, honorary, honorary-associate, and special.

ARTICLE IV.

ELIGIBILITY.

SECTION I.—All students of Barnard, who are natives of Greater New York—that is, New York proper, New York improper (*i. e.*, Brooklyn), and surrounding districts, may become active members upon application.

SEC. II.—Any student not a native of Greater New York is eligible for associate membership upon the following conditions:

(a.) She must have six grandfathers on the paternal and four grandmothers on the maternal side who were born and resided throughout the whole extent of their lives (summer vacations excepted) within the limits of Greater New York.

(b.) She must give evidence of her true Greater New York spirit by—

1. Being able to name all the mayors of New York City and Brooklyn from the founding of said cities to the present day.
2. Evincing her ability to stand erect without a strap in the cable-cars on the Fifty-third Street curves.
3. Being fully competent to surpass in argument any member of the Southern Club.

N. B.—It should be understood that by argument is meant not logical proof, but enthusiasm and lung power.

SEC. III.—Any member of the Faculty of Columbia University is eligible for Honorary or Honorary-Associate membership upon the conditions for Active and Associate membership respectively.

SEC. IV.—Special members shall be those members of the Faculty who are not eligible on any of the aforementioned conditions.

* * * * *

ARTICLE X.

CELEBRATIONS.

There shall be two kinds of celebrations—balls and birthday parties. There shall be two balls every year: one on the date on which Hendrick Hudson passed Forty-fourth Street on his way up the Hudson River; the other commemorating the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Birthday parties shall be held on the birthdays of celebrated New Yorkers, such as William M. Tweed, Theodore Roosevelt, Peter Stuyvesant, Colonel Waring, Seth Low, Thomas C. Platt, Charles H. Parkhurst and David B. Hill.

Lost Article Association.

Losted February 29, 1897.



MOTTO—"No place for nothin' and nothin' in its place."



Members.

ACTIVE.

J. W. H. (Member <i>cum laude</i> , March 1, 1897).	.
S. G. S.	.
'99.	.
'98.	.
Daily Themes.	.
Scrap-basket.	.
Rhetoric C. Briefs.	.

PASSIVE.

Head, hat and courage.
Heart.
Health.
Constitution.
The Point.
Balance.
Fasteners.

Applicants for membership must present certificates, duly signed by James, testifying to their ability to live up to the motto of the club. Loss of certificates entitles the perpetrator to membership *cum laude*.

Extracts from the constitution would have been appended if that document could have been found.

Member on Probation,
(That which ought to be lost),

MR. CUSHING'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.



Huyler Club.

Founded When '98 began Chemistry.



"DRINK, PRETTY CREATURE, DRINK."



Active Members,

Associate Members,

Chief Treater,

Chief Treatee,

Dutch Treaters,

Abstainers,

The Chemistry Class.

The rest of the College.

Miss Stern.

Ai πολλαῖ.

Ai ἀλλαῖ

Oὐδὲμι' α.

" Industrious persons, by an exact and scrupulous diligence and observation, out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, tradition, private records and evidence, fragments of stories, passages of books that concern not story, and the like, do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time."—*Bacon*.





Ninety-Seven.



DURING these four years we have made many researches concerning the perfect historian, and believe him to be as scarce as the dodo. Such, however, has not been the conclusion regarding the perfect history; for, during this time, the one which we ourselves have been enacting so nearly approaches perfection as to be far above the power of any historian, good, bad, or indifferent, to make more or less glorious. So, for a Senior History, it is necessary only to be absolutely veracious, and not to draw upon the imagination. The people we speak of are not ideal creations (though some are supposed to be so), but beings of flesh and blood in greater or less degree. The events actually happened; nothing has been added except a slight coloring for which no extra charge is made.

I shall proceed chronologically. Freshman year we gave the best entertainment that ever had been given in College, so everyone said. No expense was spared. We had a Christmas tree, with a superb gift on it for every one in the whole place. They (the gifts) all came from The Whiting, and the poetry was composed to suit each, especially for the occasion, by Mr. R. W. Gilder, Mr. G. E. Woodberry, Mr. Richard Hovey, and others, who come high. The cards were decorated by Gibson. By this we soon established our reputation.

At the end of the year we did a good deal in the class-day, when it actually took place, and with '95 did much to promote its bare existence.

Sophomore year we had a frightful time, studying, but came out with astonishing records of scholarship. Ours was the first class ever to take honors in anything, to win the Chemistry prize, or to be represented in the athletic exhibition in Berkeley Gymnasium. This last is too much like work to be omitted in this connection. We practically started the function called Barnard teas, which then received an impetus which has kept them still in motion (?) and for which some still live to bless us. Furthermore, we are unique in having seen Barnard primitive (now we must happily confess, a tradition) develop under the Dean who came when we were Sophomores.

We have always been a class prompt in action, except, of course, in certain great matters which must move slowly. We were without a constitution for four months at least, and were fully six in formulating and organizing a Literary and Debating Society, which last most Freshmen do in two weeks. But since all weighty questions were finished up in the first year, thereafter we have turned off more business in a small time than anyone else ever. The first two weeks of a term we get all the entertaining off our hands, and, by being ahead of the rest, make the first as well as the most fixed impression.

Moreover, it usually happens that we accomplish most of the revolutions for the College;

are the pioneers who are the first to have courses practised on us. So, we fall to and make the rough places smooth, put up signboards, as it were, and eliminate all objectionable features. How many hours this takes of oral argument and masterly debate, of petition, original composition, and indignation meeting, we only know, but all appreciate. No one else will ever have eighteen briefs in a year or fifteen history reports all around. What we have been through by no means affects our scholarship, which is better than anyone else's anywhere. Reference is made for moral character and ability to anyone in the whole place.

It remains to describe at some length our Junior Ball, the first of the series so devoutly wished for by all who were there. It was accomplished with simplicity of arrangements admired by all, and did not present an aspect of having been stewed over for months. Moreover, we did not depend^{ed} upon three newspaper columns of patronesses to pay for it. It was held at the largest assembly-room in town. The columns and staircase were twined with ropes of pink roses and smilax; the chandeliers were hung with the same. Palms were in groves everywhere; Seidl's full orchestra played. The menu will have to be omitted on account of its length, and because it would be unintelligible to many, as several dishes were invented specially for the occasion, the recipe of which is always to be kept secret. The same can be said of the costumes. Though the cotillon lasted till after four in the morning, we showed our marvelous recuperative power by appearing promptly at our classes at 9:30; in fact, most of us were there for chapel fifteen minutes earlier. Thus versatile are we.

So much for what we have done for the College. It has naturally been a source of gratification to us, but in addition we occasionally take a little exclusive enjoyment. Every twenty-ninth of May we have a meeting, with a variety show provided by home talent. First we blow soap-bubbles or engage in some other recreative employment of similar intellectual diversion. No games of pure skill are allowed. Then we sing songs, and gossip. I always read a history of the year, full of beautiful sentiments, couched in a style at once chaste, correct, and elegant. We have all we can eat, and then all promise to write to each other every week all summer, and our official parting takes place.

This year we shall separate from more than just one another, from the lower classes who are almost necessary to us, and all the other associations. But in one way we are favored. We shall never have the pain of coming back to the old building and seeing all the hive at work, and being made to realize that our place is taken, that we have for all practical purposes vanished off the face of the earth. Instead, when we leave, a whole epoch of the College will close, just as if the two events were intimately connected, and the old College, which we knew, really could not get along without us, and so had removed to a situation suitable to compensate for the loss of us. And herein our feelings and recollections as well will have compensation in large measure.

Ninety-Eight.

A.

READ AT THE FIRST CLASS MEETING OF SOPHOMORE YEAR.

Muse who singest the woes of the hardy hero Odysseus,
Naïve Nausikaa and her maidens skilful at football,
Singest the downfall of Troy and the wrath of the dauntless Achilles,
Grant me the power, O Muse, to chant in Melpomene's measure,
To tell of the college of Barnard and sorrows of innocent Freshmen.
Eighteen ninety-four was the year, in the month of October,
When from the maples the leaves come fluttering gently and floating,
Then from the gutters are gathered and swept by the white-robed street-cleaner.
This was the month when to Barnard there came in the bloom of their childhood
Twenty-four terrified girls. Oh, Ninety-eight, such thy beginning!
Rattled and pale were we as we entered the study-room precincts,
Where the pink blank-books in piles awaited the penmanship frantic.
Yet we survived the affray, and, weary and worn with endeavor,
Some of us bearing, alas, our scars in the shape of conditions,
Earned we our well-earned rewards—our cards of matriculation,
Vowing we never would lose them, but always remember our numbers.
Valiant and bold were we then, as we knew we were really collegians,
Claiming the study-room lockers, and talking in groups in the hallways,
Blissfully disregarding self-government rules on the blackboard,
Teasing the hapless instructors—alas! for the follies of Freshmen!
Even the mysteries grim of the Sophomores could not affright us,
Since they followed with cake and ice-cream the ghosts and the dirges,
Fearing our infantile nerves might be injured by terrors of hazing.
Soon we assembled our forces in class-meetings long and protracted,
While from the fourth floor back, far down to the registrar's office,
Floated the sounds of the fray, the vigorous taps of the gavel,
Calls for the ayes and the noes, and frantic implorings for order.



Nor in class-meetings alone was the flow of our eloquence wasted:
Daily with ardent discussions we favored our patient instructors,
Rashly assailing Horatius, and even great Cardinal Newman,
Defending old-fashioned Dickens, and laughing at Arnold and Ruskin,
Hearing submissively, sometimes, the words of our reverend teachers.
Many and bitter the lessons we learned from these merciless tutors,
Tutors so expert in squelching our youthful ideas and opinions.
Woe to the poor evildoers who tried to evade their displeasure,
Attempting to translate at sight, because of an unprepared lesson!
“Beautifully vague!” comes the comment, attended with smile so sarcastic;
“Villianous!” thunders the voice, “‘tis enough for the ghost of Horatius
To rise from his grave in disgust and avenge such a fearful translation.”
Woe to the maidens audacious, who hoped to write themes that were pleasing!
See how the pitiless critic has mangled their paltry effusions,
Poured his red ink in gallons o'er painfully written descriptions,
Crossing out figures of speech, or begging to leave wider margins.
Woe to the luckless maid whose crime was an accent omitted!
Woe to the damsel brave who dared to upbraid Lobochevsky!
Little indeed did instructors pity our fears and misgivings,
When, in despair, and bereft of our dearest, most cherished illusions,
We straggled at last to the study to brave the final accounting.
Little, indeed, did they care if we passed or flunked at the Midyears,
Provided they could impress on our intellects rough and uncultured
A sense of the beauty of particles, love for the modern Hellenic,
Horror of grammars and bitter disgust at the future condition,
Disdain for the editors learned, awe of the great Lobochevsky,
Knowledge of how to determine just when to say doughnuts or crullers.
Of how to identify pancakes and people who came from Chicago,
A decent respect for the beauties of Cardinal John Henry Newman,
Love for sweetness and light and the great and adorable Matthoo,
Hatred for all the traditions we learned from our childhood's instructors.
Tune now thy lyre, O Muse, to sing of delectable morsels,
Soothing our troubled spirits—such coffee, such bread, and such doughnuts,
Provided when lessons were over and direful hunger oppressed us.
Ah, how we willingly parted with nickels and sundry ten centses!
Humbly entreating the favor of sharing the savory banquets.

And how delightful it was, at the end of the day's recitations,
To waken the study-room echoes with laughter and solemn discussion!
Many the happy hours we spent in our childish amusements,
Upon the refrigerator discussing affairs of the Nation,
Or at the top of the house in our nice little Freshman sky-parlor,
Seated on low wooden chairs like those in the free Kindergarten,
Hearing the strains of the hand-organs, dulcetly sweet and melodious,
Watching the poodle-dogs passing, and also the passing Columbian,
Crossing the Alps with old Hannibal, melting the mountains with vinegar,
Hearing Andocides's fibs and philosophizing with Horace,
Preaching the Golden Mean and drinking the modest Sabinum.
Many the afternoons social we spent in the study-room festive,
The *of πολλοῖ* entertaining and talking to friends and relations,
Cheering our hearts and our labors with tea poured out by fair maidens.
Many the awful occasions we joined in the terrible conclave,
Listened to rules of self-government laid down by virtuous seniors.
Many the trophies we gained in contests of wit and of learning,
Many the praises we won for skill in the casting of shadows.

* * * *

Now, in the words of *Æneas*, the night will have come down upon us,
The stars will have risen in heaven ere I come to the end of my story,
And so I must pass by the exploits of '98's heroines mighty,
Our president wise, who, like prudent Odysseus, guided us safely
Through perils of college and all the vicissitudes common to Freshmen;
Our maiden with intellect massive, O joy and delight of instructors;
Our brave acrobatic young ember who wanted to jump through the window,
But only succeeded in smashing the glass; and the learned young women
Who loved their Liddell and Scott and their Gow's Companion for Classics.
Many the wonderful deeds that '98's maidens accomplished.
Finally when in the spring the days grew balmy and pleasant,
Calling the worn-out students to mountain and farmhouse and seashore,
After the "little circus" which finishes up the year's labors,
Held we our parting luncheon, and, joyful with revels and feasting,
Though from the number, alas, who had entered with us in October,
Three of our friends had we lost, and sadly mourned as departed,
Hailed we ourselves as Sophomores—Freshmen, thank goodness, no longer.

B.

READ AT THE SOPHOMORE TRIUMPH.

Tune once again, O Muse, thy lyre for the students of Barnard,
Thou who didst follow our fortunes through Freshman woes and adventures,
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.
(Note that in stealing this line, my friends, I am really quite classic,
For Horace could steal a whole satire and no one be any the wiser,
And since he could do nothing wrong, it's quite proper for me to do likewise.)—
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.
Grant to us now, O Melpomene, here by the wine-faced ocean
The barren, unharvested sea, “πολυφλοίσβοι Θαλάσσης,”
To pour out our woes to the waves like ancient Iphigenia.
When in the month of October, we straggled once more into college,
Strengthened by months of vacation for climbing the ladder of learning,
Somewhat diminished in number, for some alas had deserted,
Still once again we assembled our class in thy halls, Alma Mater.
Now, as great Homer, the bard, recounted the names of the triremes,
When in the harbor of Aulis the Grecian chiefs had assembled,
So may I number the maidens who dared once more to encounter
Latin and German and Greek and wrath of unknown instructors,
That through the years of the future their names may be ever remembered.
Sing of the dauntless De Hart, our president, reverend, mighty,
Skilled in the laws of debate and the practice of rules Parliamentary,
Ninety-eight's sophist supreme, whom Protagoras even might envy.
(This is a compliment, friends, witness Grote, volume 7, page 60.)
Next in command is sweet Susy, the maiden who loves her Alcestis,
Who never gets into a scrape, and who always has studied her lessons.
Then a “loquacious pot,” our damsel with mind philosophic,
Who argues on Omar Khayyam and frowns down Plautus and Terence,
Who waxes on Stevenson eloquent, never smashes her test-tubes,
Cruel companion at chemistry, Clara, the expert at squelching.
Sing now, O Muse, of fair Agnes, the maiden of countless brass buttons,
She who conducteth the harmonies sweet of the Banjo and Glee Clubs,
Teaching in fourth floor sky-parlors the students of Barnard to warble;
Helen, the ninety-eight prodigy, product of far-away Harlem,
Helen, who seldom doth study but gathers in A's by the dozen,

Envy of all of her classmates, the skilful at cramming and bluffing.
Many the valiant maidens who gathered from far-away regions,
Fanny and Frances and Grace from the land of the warlike mosquito,
Edith the Bensonhurst fraulein and Adeline Heinold the gentle;
Roselle, and A. E. H. Meyer, and Bloomingdale, name that reminds us
Of the mansion of happiness destined for us in the year ninety-seven.
Nan of Missouri, inscrutable maiden who loveth her history ;
Ida, the logical damsel, who never gets blue or gets rattled,
Who cutteth her history tests to discourse on predestination.
Sing of the valiant Von Sholly, and Katharine from far Staten Island,
And those two sensible maidens who broke from the thraldom of Wellesley,
And fled to the sweetness and light and the welcoming halls of fair Barnard,
Maidens of beautiful Brooklyn, Louise and our humble historian,
And Stella the ninety-eight poet, the member from sunny New Orleans,
Who embroiders on linen at college, and sits up all night to read Horace.
Touch now a glorious string, O Muse, and sing of the costumes,
Sing of the caps and the gowns that were worn by these Sophomores learned,
Sing of the mortarboards heavy, that weighed on our intellects massive,
And kept them from growing too fast and scaring our friends the instructors.
Sing of the tassels of silk and the robes of flowing alpaca
That tripped us when going up-stairs and cooked us when weather was sultry;
Sing of their learned solemnity, also their rakish expression,
When in the ardor of study, our caps became a bit tilted.
Oh, how impressive we looked; we thought it superfluous, truly,
To add to the solemn effect by acting in dignified fashion.
Poor little Freshmen ! we pitied them, torn from their homes and their nurseries,
Trying to solace their sorrows by games of "Who's got the button ?"
Playing at "Tit-tat-too" on blackboards sacred to Latin;
Yet like the Spartan parents, we gave them a stern education;
Ah, will they ever forget that umbrella rush back in October,
When by heroic treatment, we taught them that "dignified spirit
Characteristic of Barnard, &c., &c., &c.,"
Or the mysteries awful and grim, with the ghosts, the masks, and the groaning,
Or the dance which we gave them at last when their souls were sufficiently conquered?
Many, alas, were the faces we missed from their class-rooms accustomed;
Many the unknown instructors who lectured us now in their places,

Yet there were some friends left, continuing still to instruct us,
Showing us beauties of Horace, and errors of nameless professors,
Reading our paltry effusions, and swearing we all had grown lazy ;
But with the new recruits came a new infusion of learning.
Ah, how our young minds were stored with all sorts of nice little catchwords.
“ Tennyson now is ‘ distilled ’ and Keats has a great deal of ‘ gusto ’;
Keats is glorious—especially stars, and now, by the way, that reminds me,
Once when in Athens I heard a young lady read Byron quite nicely,
And her nose was pronouncedly Grecian, in fact, quite a charming young lady.
But that isn’t much to the point. Well—Carlyle was born in,” etc.
Great was the knowledge we gained of the proper way to take snap-shots;
Of how to make silver by mule-power; of why we should never use hair-dye;
Of what were the curious compounds, the strange weirdly-colored concoctions,
Made by sulphuric acid projected on various dress-goods.
But in spite of the vast information our fast-growing brains were imbibing,
All was not yet as it should be. Our sorrows, my friends, were not over.
Bitter it was when the one who led our young minds into Plato
Laughed in her silvery tones at our poor little stupid translations,
Wondered in pretty surprise that we never had read Kant and Berkeley,
Asked if we ever used “ trots,” and said that we *sounded* like Jowett.
Direful indeed our distress when appeared a fierce apparition,
Devouring reports by the thousand, demanding historical novels,
Gayly rejoicing in flunks, and heeding us not in our struggles,
Wearily, woefully working and wailing o’er woes and Westphalias.
(W oft-times repeated signifies sorrow and terror,
As you will see in the notes on “ Tite, tute,” etc.)
Many the festive occasions when Sophomores bore themselves proudly,
Teas and frolics and dances where maids and instructors disported,
Also the great dedication where faculty hoods shone resplendent,
Caps and gowns wandered through Harlem, and yells of Columbia resounded;
Many the clubs that were formed, the *αιαῖ-hui* for the ancients,
“ Sans-Souci ” for the moderns, the Glee Club for musical members;
Now when the year is fast closing, though all the world is against us,
Though we have lost reputation, are giddy, senseless, and flippant,
E’en though our history exam. we cannot recall without weeping,
Still ’tis with sadness we part from our Sophomore year and each other.

I.

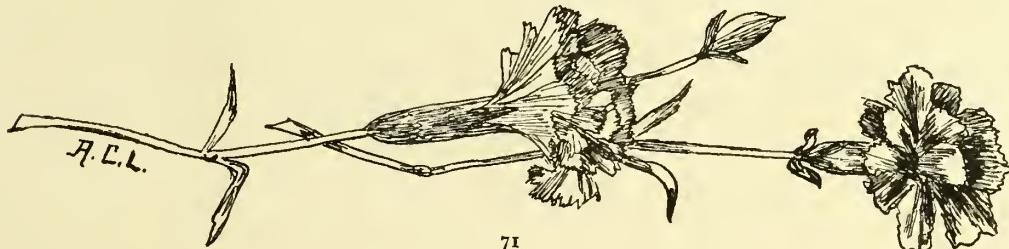
WRITTEN FOR THE JUNIOR MID-YEAR LUNCHEON.

Hear now our prayer, O Melpomene, come from the slopes of Parnassus,
Come from thy peaceful vales to the tumult of old Forty-fourth Street.
Grant me hexameters plenty to satisfy Juniors insatiate,
Singing the epic of Barnard, the triumphs of valiant collegians.
Thou, too, O Muse, who presidest o'er history's pages so dreary,
Clio, descend from thine height and help me to chronicle truly.
Grant me the wisdom of Fyffe, the wit and thegenius of Putzger,
To "indicate" fully each "point," explaining each "so-called" allusion,
That Ninety-eight's history humble may live through the years of the future,
Serving with Seebohm and Gardiner to torture unborn generations.
Tell of the joys and the sorrows, temptations and trials of Juniors,
From the summer day far in the past when we wakened the echoes of Seacliff,
Marching in solemn processional over the sands of the sea-shore.
Burning the "Trig." with delight and arranging the effigies gloomy;
Then, as the flames mounted high, breaking forth into chorus exultant,
Watching our enemies writhe in the pitchy ooze of the pŷre
Soon, when October once more called the summer girls home to their labor,
Wandered we back once again to unknown Junior adventures,
Welcoming back with delight the two we had mourned as departed:
Her who in rustic Montclair had instructed the infants of Jersey
And her who had left us to wander afar in the land of fair Hellas,
Watching Olympian contests and deeds of American athletes,
Breathing in grammar and syntax from balmy Athenian breezes,
Learning her lyric metres from waves of the dashing $\mathbb{A}\mathbb{E}$ gean,
Envy of all her poor classmates, here in the hot dusty college,
Toiling o'er grammars and lexicons, wading through text emendations.
Welcomed we, too, the sweet maiden who wisely forsook Ninety-seven,
Joining our Ninety-eight circle, and loved by her classmates adopted,
Forgetting our pristine hostility, serving with soul patriotic.
Sing now, O Muse, of the battle, the mighty strife for electives,
Battle of maids and instructors with sometimes a *θεομαχία*,
When the Dean herself swooped down majestic decreeing for one or the other,
Ruthlessly cutting off optionals, wisely adjusting our conflicts.

Tell of the wonderful courses we longed for, the plans we abandoned;
Tell of the subjects at last accepted in sheer desperation.
No longer we rushed in a body from one lecture-room to the other,
As in Freshman and Sophomore years, for here were our several ways parted.
Sing of the classical maidens still faithful to tragedies Grecian,
Weeping with poor old Electra, so *ἀφίλος*, *ἀτευνός*, *ἀγαμός*,
Swearing o'er metres corrupt and losing our hearts to Orestes,
Learning like Sherlock Holmes to identify families from foot-prints.
Tell how we now once again renewed our acquaintance with Homer,
Reveled in battles and gore, and studied Andromache's headgear.
Also the "family jars" of the household of gods on Olympus.
Many the gentlemen classic we read and emended at pleasure;
Horace, thank goodness! no more can bore us with epodes and satires;
But Juvenal, Martial, and Cicero, still, 'twas with zeal we attacked them,
Learning the Romans had flats with janitors, private halls, air shafts,
Electric bells, telegraph service (the text here is somewhat disputed),
Reading five poems of Martial to find that he lived in—well, some place,
Searching for Cicero's logic, and trying to find him amusing.
Some of us, venturesome damsels, e'en sighed for more Latin to conquer,
And traveled up rickety stairways to puzzle out tombstones archaic,
Testing before 'twas appointed the virtues of co-education.
Then there was English XV. where we learned all the symptoms of tooth-ache,
Learned to love Temple editions and fifty-cent seats at the theatre,
Zealously read all our plays and tried hard to pass without flunking.
Italian, of music and romance where tales of adventure delight us,
Tales of the gallant Orlando, and funny things (not in the text-book).
Grant me the virtue, O Muse, to sing of the great daily theme course,
Sing of those gems of description, those character sketches impressive.
Sing of the method Socratic and horror of themes sentimental.
Oh, how we strove to be serious one week and flippant the next one,
Learned to hate "L" roads and trolleys, to love Barrett Wendell, and Pater.
Many the subjects we treated with arguments clear and convincing,
Babies, ald puppies, and books, small boys, and religion, and morals.
Sadly we weep for the world when we see all this wisdom unpublished.
Sing of the Ninety-eight martyrs, the maidens with mind patriotic,
Who spent twenty-four hours a day devouring American history,

Learning just how many votes were cast in the year '57,
Learning the age and the price of each Congressman from the beginning.
They seem to enjoy it most truly—*de gustibus non disputandum*.
Still there were times when we all met again in delightful reunion,
Cramming the courses required—our history, oh, how we labored,
Tracking the quitting ambassadors, learning the Treaties of Paris,
Desperately trying to bluff, and failing in hopeless confusion;
Sometimes, too, trying to cut, shall I say with result more successful?
Then there was Logic that taught us that not-men were also not-horses,
Or rather that men were not horses, and therefore not-men were all horses.
Though the process was somewhat confusing, at least we all learned that we never
Should state what we knew to be foolish or use a concrete for an abstract.
Many the hours attentive we spent in Psychology lectures,
Fighting with James (Professor) and learning to wink and look cross-eyed,
Hearing of trances, and spooks, and tales of uncanny Miss Piper,
Vying with one another in telling the biggest ghost stories,
Making our hair stand on end at Miss X—— and her eerie epistles.
Ah, how we struggled and grappled with problems materialistic,
Twisting our poor streams of consciousness, turning our minds topsy-turvy!
Sing of great Rhetoric C., and sing of the briefs so convincing,
Tell how we tried to "expand," to "develop" and "find truer issues,"
Hunted through library shelves for archaic Congressional Records,
Grubbed in the dustiest corners in mad, wild search for statistics.
Sing of those fasteners many preserved in somebody's collection,
The rise in the price of red ink, and the fall in the spirits of Juniors.
Last but not least, Pol. Econ., where we plunged into problems financial,
Settled poor Bryan forever, decided all questions of banking,
Silenced the lonely bimetallists bravely upholding their party,
Falling back vanquished and faint, but returning afresh to the contest,
Waxing in argument hotter, unable to know when they're beaten.
Sing now, O Muse, of the times when lessons and books were neglected,
When we stopped in our weary climb on a round of the ladder of learning,
When we played, and chattered, and danced, and ate, and drank, and were merry.
Sing of the great corner-stone and mighty procession of students,
When faculty donned their gay robes and played at see-saw on the side-walks.
Sing of the dainty reception where gracious hostess received us,

Sending back sugar plums sweet to the students who stayed home to study.
(This sounds like Euripides's sigmas, but really it's quite accidental).
Then there were numberless teas where we ate and gossiped as usual,
Trying to make ourselves heard and thread our way in the tumult,
Sometimes serving our friends with cupids and hearts and sweet couplets;
Oftimes only with chocolate and tea and wafers prosaic,
Sing of the tender young Freshmen, those timid and sadly squelched beings;
Sing of the great cobweb-party we gave them far back in November
When many in terror stayed home, afraid we were planning to haze them.
How charming and pleasant it was to chat with the few who were present,
And then, when our guests were all gone, the remains of the feast to demolish:
Many the social affairs when we met in the study-room parlors,
Welcoming Specials and Grads. to the arms of our dear Alma Mater,
Guessing the Sophomore plays and testing our knowledge of bill-boards,
Sipping our café frappé from spoons that had come straight from Huyler's.
Now since our pages are lengthening filled with hexameters countless,
Soon must our history close e'er it rival Livy or Mommsen.
So we pass over in haste our Ninety-eight spread so informal,
The Senior who served us so sweetly, the toasts and the sallies so brilliant;
Our clubs where we hotly debated and labored so hard on our papers
Or presented classical dramas arrayed in the toga artistic ;
Last but not least in importance our "Mortarboard" meetings so jolly
Where business and pleasure combined and editors learned made merry
With crackers and cheese and brown bread, all flavored with wit bright and sparkling,
Those racy and keen scintillations which ne'er found expression on paper,
But somehow could never be caught and pinned down on the "Mortarboard's" pages.
Now we dismiss you at last, O Muse, for your labors are over.
Swiftly return to your valleys and clear Pierian fountain,
Roaming o'er Thessaly's hills and forgetting the College of Barnard
'Till some time in Ninety-eight's future we call you back once more to aid us
To sing of our Senior year and our last days at college together.



Ninety-Nine.

WE have always been renowned for our originality, and we feel grieved, now that we are obliged to assume that ordinary, conventional characteristic of Sophomores—a good opinion of ourselves—some, perhaps, might unkindly call it conceit. Yet, when we review our college career, how can we avoid realizing the remarkable brilliancy of the Class of '99?

We began our Freshman year quietly and modestly, unconscious of the great powers within us. But we were not long allowed to remain in ignorance of our extraordinary qualities. At our first entertainment, when we greeted our friends of '97 with the joyous harmonies of an original choral ode, our guests were struck with admiration. "What an enterprising and talented class you are!" they exclaimed. "Nobody ever did this in college before." And then when we chose our motto, *τρεῖν μ'οὐκ ἐξ Παλλας Αθηνη*, and our colors—green and white—we heard everywhere through the halls of Barnard, "The originality of those Freshmen is astounding! Such a unique motto! Such unusual and aesthetic colors!"

As for our intellectual attainments—why, after the Mid-year Examinations, the whole College crowded about the bulletin-board, all agape at the marvellous record of the Class of '99.

At the "Dedication Ceremonies" we turned out in full force; and, in spite of all the comments we heard upon our fine and scholarly appearance, we carried ourselves, throughout the day, with the sober dignity befitting our position.

But the Final Examinations were the crowning glory of the year. In Mathematics we again proved ourselves invincible, not an E in all the class; while in Greek, Latin, Rhetoric, we won fresh laurels. Our instructors parted from us with sad, regretful faces. It was no task, they assured us, but a pleasure, to teach such a brilliant class.

On our return to College last fall to the added dignities and responsibilities of the Sophomore year, we were assailed with compliments from every side. "I've never seen such an original and clever class as '99." "Why, any one of the crowd of brilliant students in your class would be a credit to any college." "Really, '99 is certainly the most remarkable class that Barnard has ever possessed."

No, there is no help for it. We must abandon originality and adopt the attitude of other Sophomores. Our friends, our fellow-students, our instructors, the College authorities, all force it upon us. We must admit, however reluctant we may be, that no Barnard class was ever so brilliant, so talented, so distinguished, as the Class of '99.



Nineteen-Hundred.

THE history of the Class of Nineteen-Hundred savors from the start somewhat of the unique. The history of any country usually begins with its discovery and settlement, and, as a rule, the new-found territory is named after its discoverer. But the history of the Class of 1900 begins in June, 1896, with its discovery of Barnard College, and the members of the class are still smarting under the injustice done them, in that Barnard has not been named after them.

1900's first impressions of her newly found "stamping-ground" were not as favorable as they might have been. These impressions were probably due to the unpleasant circumstances connected with the first few days of her arrival there. After a week of investigation by the faculty of Barnard, most of the members of the prospective class left for their summer homes, with a feeling of keen regret that in their examination papers they had not clearly defined their attitude toward examination qualifications somewhat in the words of Artemus Ward: "I don't

know nothin' about no ded languidges and am rather shaky in livin' ones. There 4 expect no flowery talk from me."

In the following September—"Qualis apes aestate nova" and the rest of it—the members of the Class of 1900 came back and took up their Freshman work.

Then came the "settlement" of the class. Everyone took a hand in it from highest to lowest. It was the time-honored custom, but 1900 didn't relish it. It was enough to be dropped,—No! I don't like that word, we'll say plunged—into the midst of a Greek murder trial, impromptu themes and parallelopipedons, without being overwhelmed at the same time by popular cold disdain and the importance of everyone else in the college world except the Freshmen. And that "popular, cold disdain"! Shall I compare it to a hurricane? It was more lovely and more temperate.

1900 was first astonished, then indignant, and then—amused. She proceeded to appreciate herself. She gave herself teas and other larks and formed a very jolly Freshman "frat," called the "S. P. G." This society was organized on entirely original lines and "had a great success."

So the Freshman class pursued the jolly soprano of her way until the Mid-years drew near. Then each of the thoughtful members of the class made a summary of her knowledge and arrangements for her funeral; and all were divided between doubts as to whether the grafting of trees and the knowledge of methods of field irrigation constituted a part of the information about old age, and whether for her epitaph that old one would not be fitting :

"If so soon I was done for,
What was I begun for?"

But the more thoughtless members of the class "reached such a pitch of shamelessness" that they recklessly attended optional classes and openly chanted through the halls:

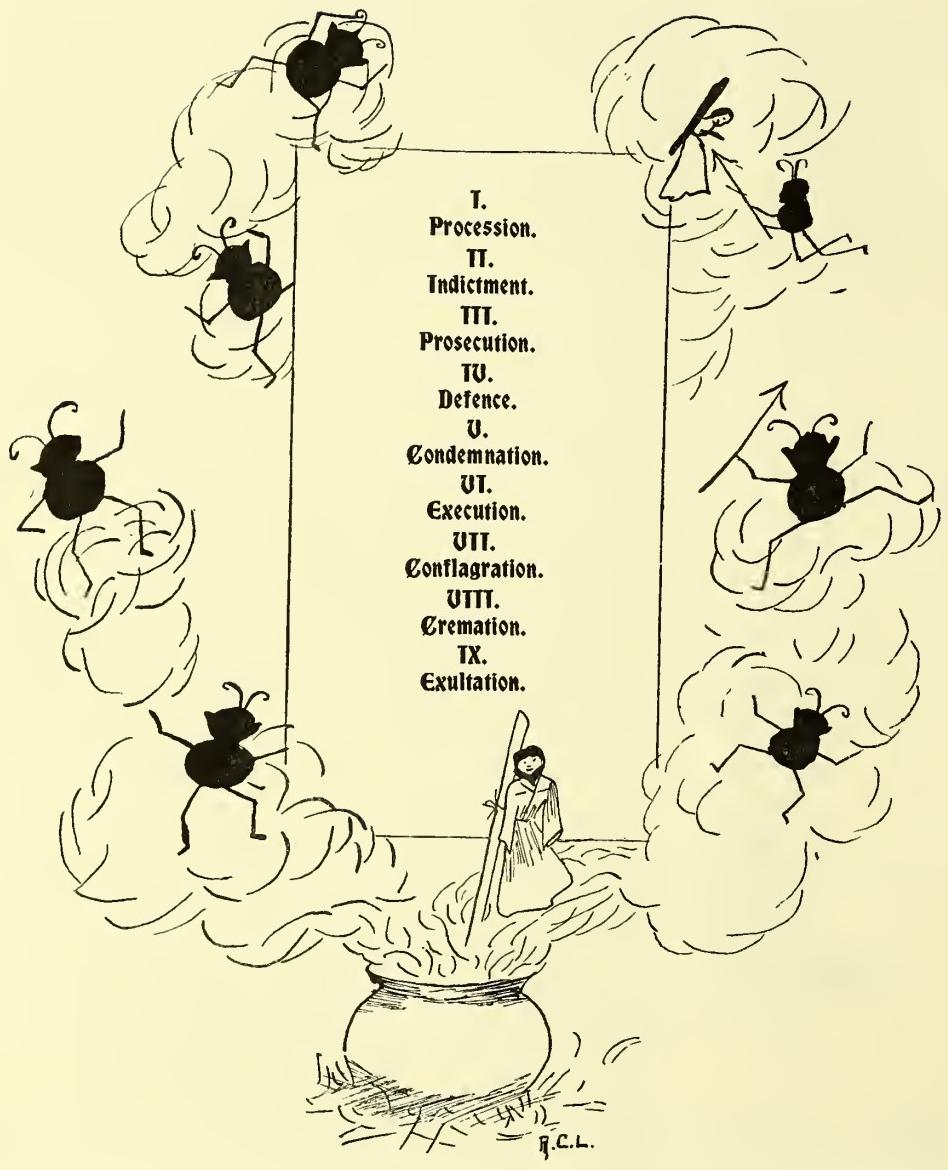
"I sneer at the Fates and laugh at their spite,
I sit down contented to sit up all night;
And when my time comes, from these halls take my flight;
For Freshmen have done so before me."

However, the examinations passed off semi-safely, and the only serious result of the Mid-year's was that for a week or so after them sundry Freshmen had horrible night-mares. In them

they would try perhaps to prove by arguments from probability that the area of a tri-rectangular dodecahedron was to the area-way of a circumscribed Greek house of the time of Lysias, as D, aggregated by E, was to the circumference of a polemarch, advanced in years.

So 1900 passed her first mile-stone. And looking back over her first term, she felt both satisfaction and regret. She felt a thrill of triumph as she reflected that her mathematical "bump" was gradually developing into a hill, yet sighed to think that her rhetorical "bump" was still a dell. As for her linguistic development, she was assured that it was a large-sized bluff.







'98,

Ye are hereby summoned to
attend the last solemn rites,
to be performed over the



remains of

— !
— !!
— !!!
— !!!!



Time : 10.40,
June 6th, '96.

Place:
Sea Cliff, L. I.

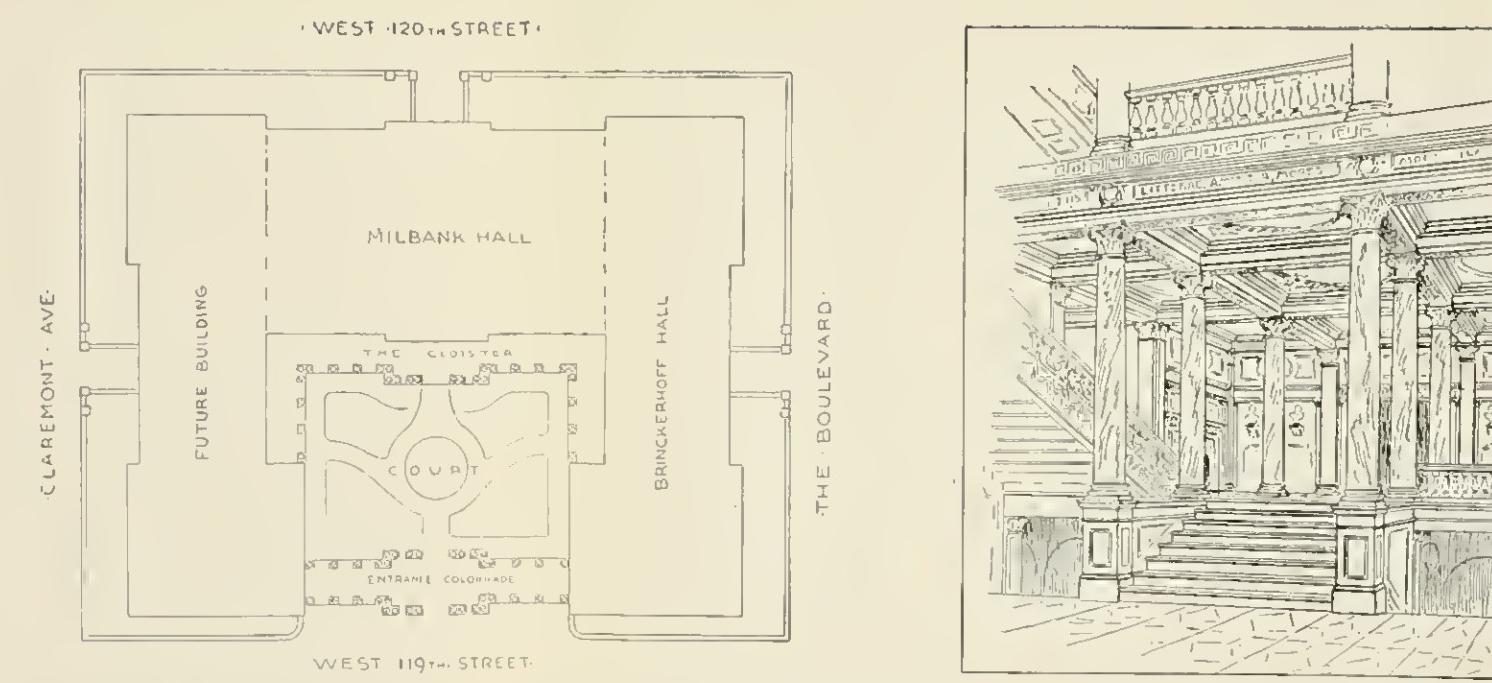
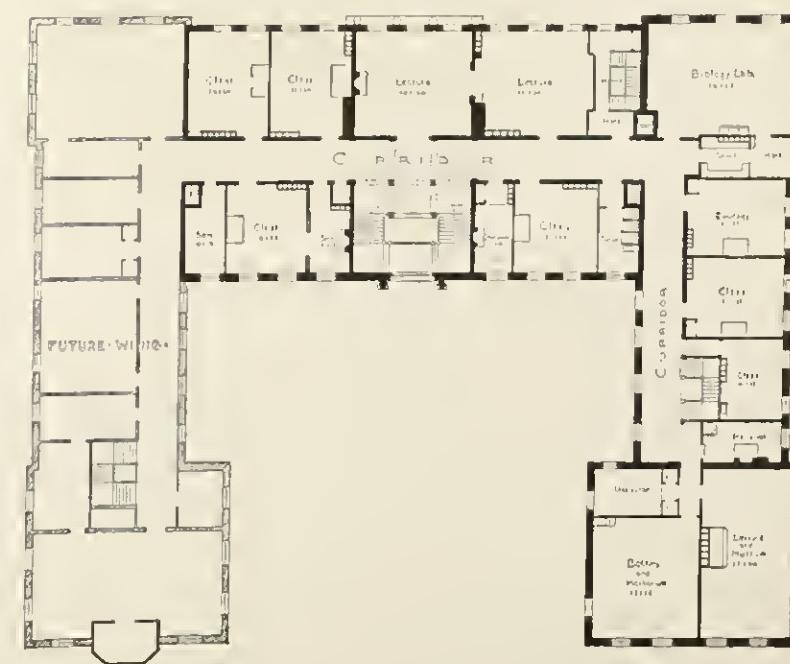
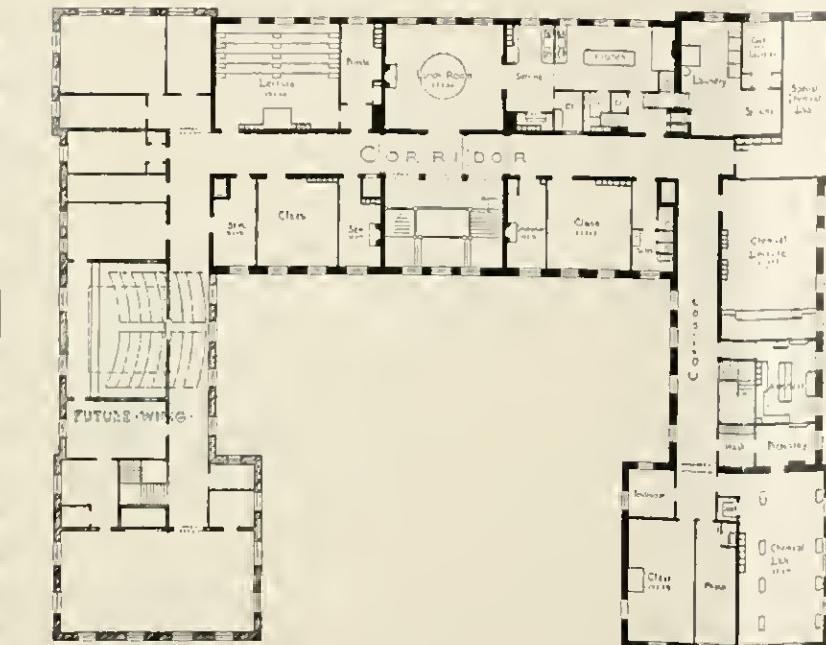
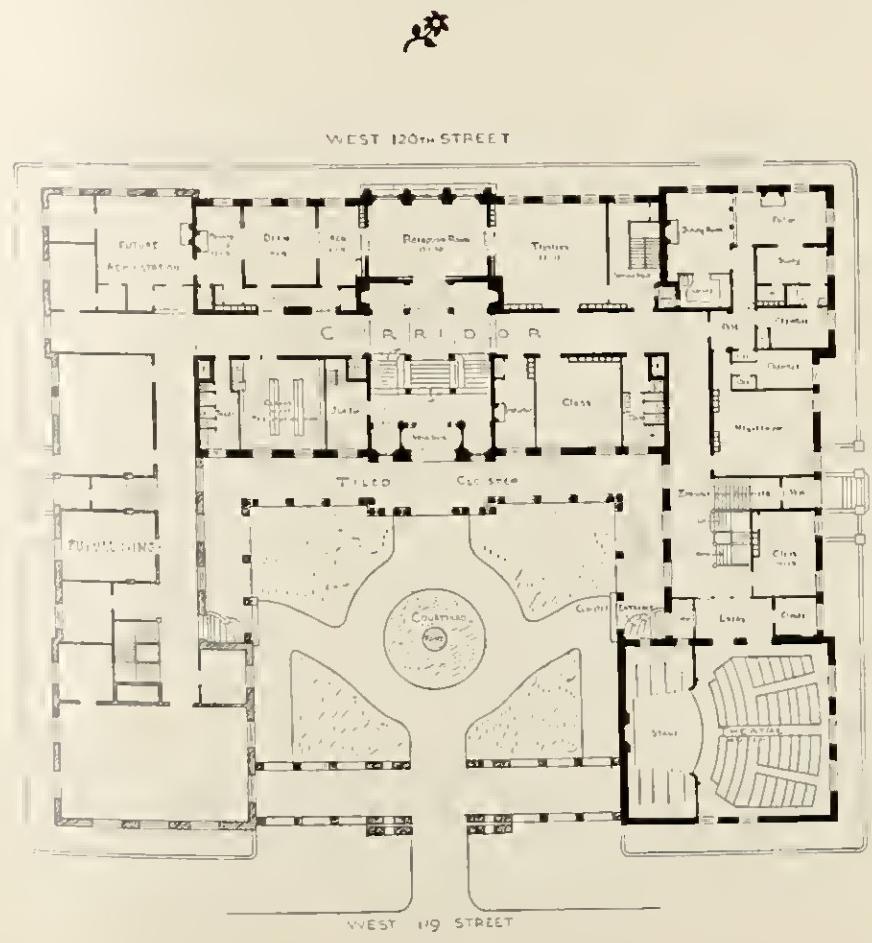


"Where the wicked cease from
troubling and the weary are
at rest."





PLANS AND SKETCHES
OF
BARNARD COLLEGE



A Painful Incident.

Within the halls of learning
I saw a maiden stand,
Her dress was academic,
And her books were in her hand.
It seems she thought herself alone,
She did not hear my tread ;
She flung her books upon the floor,
And this is what she said :

“ I thank my stars I’m pretty,
It’s a better thing to be,
Than the winner of a doctorate
Or any old degree.
It’s better to be loved than learned,
And only those who’ve tried
The two positions thoroughly
Are fitted to decide.”

Of course I did not linger,
I left her there alone.
I disapproved her sentiments,
I shuddered at her tone;
Yet all day long that wicked, mad,
Unscholarly refrain,
“ It’s better to be loved than learned,”
Is ringing through my brain.

A. D.

Barnard College Life.

ALTHOUGH in existence for comparatively so short a while, Barnard has, as it is generally admitted and as we believe, established a place for itself both in the city and in relation to colleges elsewhere. Its past attainments and the opportunities in its future are enlarged upon sufficiently to satisfy all who can take a personal pride therein. But, however glowing the glorification or sanguine the prophecy, it invariably ends in a gently deprecating tone, as if it were a sin of commission: "But you have no college life, you know; you miss a great deal." We, on our part, generally do not press the matter; perhaps from hazy ideas or none at all on the subject; perhaps from a resolute blindness as to our shortcomings. Surely, nevertheless, it is suitable definitely to inquire into the matter, either to defend or to improve ourselves.

Comparison with others will, probably, best bring to light the nature of the thing that we lack. Only when we comprehend this clearly can we pass judgment on it. Radcliffe, like ourselves, is "new," yet we never hear it complained of, at least as to this matter. There social clubs are strong and flourishing, and have acquired a wide reputation; it is never doubted that their society has a less formal aspect in the continued daily comradeship, which is essentially the condition of the other; their relations with the Harvard men are inharmonious, if not positively antagonistic. As to the first two points the difference between us and them is one only of degree, proportioned to the numbers of students in the two places. Like us, they are scattered over town, and are not out in the country by themselves. The other three, Smith, Wellesley, and Bryn Mawr, are each of them practically in domination of the town where it is located, and in exclusion therein; and the same is true, in a less degree, of Vassar. In all these there are not the outside restraining conditions of a city. The girls determine for themselves the tone of the place, and have made of their college a place to enjoy life to the full—a grown-up boarding-school, a congregation of young lady scholars, or a monastery, as they choose. They benefit by being in the country, are enabled to ride, drive, tramp, and row, and by being in cottages together do undoubtedly see more of one another, quantitatively.

The minutest analysis will not reveal any further points of dissimilarity between us and them. The college life must, then, be detected here if anywhere. Now, there is nothing peculiarly collegiate in being in the country, so we may rule it out. The dormitory life, again, develops an excessive intimacy. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that the proverbial practical jokes are the result of a longing for diversion, after seeing one another, and no one

else, so incessantly. Nothing happens under these circumstances which is not common both to boarding schools, to house parties, to camping-out parties, wherever there are exuberant young people. So neither is this distinctively college life. The popular misapprehension is great, however. An acquaintance of mine, a serious-minded, middle-aged officer of instruction in a certain college, considers it a great drawback that at Barnard there can be no "pranks under cover of darkness." It is needless to produce examples of what they can do at Barnard when they set out resolutely to unbend. Be this as it may, we will assume that they never do.

To be no longer destructive in method, what is a college life? Primarily and obviously, it is a life. A life is that which sustains all the functions of an organism, and renders it capable of growth from within. Anyone who has been an inmate of Barnard, or a member of the college household, as it is called—and the very term is reassuring—has, I am sure, felt a vital influence of this sort. There is there much more than the sum of its forms of purely intellectual association: college spirit, it has been called by outsiders, and praised; in our mutual relations we have not given it a name. It is not easy to be specific at this point; life anywhere is known only by its manifestations. There are nowhere formed friendships more profound, or more deep-seated affection—each one has the testimony in herself. And to the world at large there is presented a typical Barnard girl, good, bad, or indifferent it is not for one so prejudiced as the writer to assert, but certainly a type is possible only by a process of fusion.

Then, what is a college life particularly? An attitude that colors the whole intercourse in a definite fashion. *A priori* it would seem to consist in the best of everything, in the first place involving an ideal in itself exalting to reflect upon. A group of college students is unique in being able among themselves to gratify all possible tastes, pertaining to study, to art, to society, with a big S, to all the avocations of each, say domestic economy, outdoor sports, any sort of frivolous, sensible or serious occupation, and by being in a city can develop each most easily and with best results. Elsewhere it is impossible that there can be such permanent, wholesome satisfaction in this direction. At Barnard this is the fact: the practice coincides with the theory. Furthermore, all this could come in no other way than at college, as nowhere else can the sum of all tastes be developed to the full, simply because that is what a college is and should be for, appreciation and adaptability. Why then have we not college life, as significant and rich as any?

Indeed, we might call on other institutions to produce proof of their claim to this title. Frequently one occupation of these mentioned predominates to the exclusion of the rest, sometimes one, sometimes another. We realize that we differ, but are inclined to believe that we are the ones after all who have the *bona fide* college life, and that anything else is a misnomer. We hope we have because it is so good, "the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy."

E. R. S

Cupid and Plato.

(A STUDENT'S PLAINT.)

Sing ho, for my love!
It was yesterday
That she read some Greek with me,
With her eyes cast down,
And a scholarly frown,
As grave as grave could be.

Sing ho, for my love!
It was yesterday
That she lifted her eyes to mine,
With a puzzled look
From above her book,
To ask for the sense of a line.
But alack-a-day!
I could not say,
For my heart the while had been
With the lustre fair
Of my lady's hair
And the pink of her dimpled chin.

REFRAIN: Sing ho, for my love—
Sweetheart, Sweetheart—
Sing ho, for my lady-love!

Sing ho, for my love!
It was but to-day
That I went with my class to Greek,
And a doctor wise,
With thoughtful eyes,
Opened his lips to speak.

Sing ho, for my love!
It was but to-day
That he lifted his glance to mine,
With a quiet smile,
As he asked the while
For the sense of a certain line.
But alack-a-day!
I could not say,
For my heart the while had been
With the lustre fair
Of my lady's hair
And the pink of her dimpled chin.

REFRAIN: Sing ho, for my love—
Sweetheart, Sweetheart—
Sing ho, for my lady-love!

S. G. S.

Life in the Old Buildings.

WE have been so engrossed during these last months on Madison Avenue in anticipating the delights awaiting us in the new buildings, and the joys we shall experience when the dreams of greatness, with which we have consoled ourselves in the days of small things, shall be fulfilled, that we have not, perhaps, asked the question whether, in these lamented days of small things, there have not been compensations which may perhaps be found wanting in our home at Morningside. It were not wise to sigh for the "good old times" before they are really gone, but it surely can do no harm to recall just what they have meant, and what the characteristics are by which they will fasten themselves upon our memories.

In the "'94 Annual" there appeared an article on the "First Period at Barnard," which calls the history of the college up to the death of Miss Weed the period of intimacy, because, owing to small number of students, any plan for conducting lectures on other than more or less informal lines was impracticable. From this point of view the first period may have closed in '94, but, looking at the matter through the eyes of students, we feel that we are still in that charmed domain whose existence is so rapidly drawing to an end.

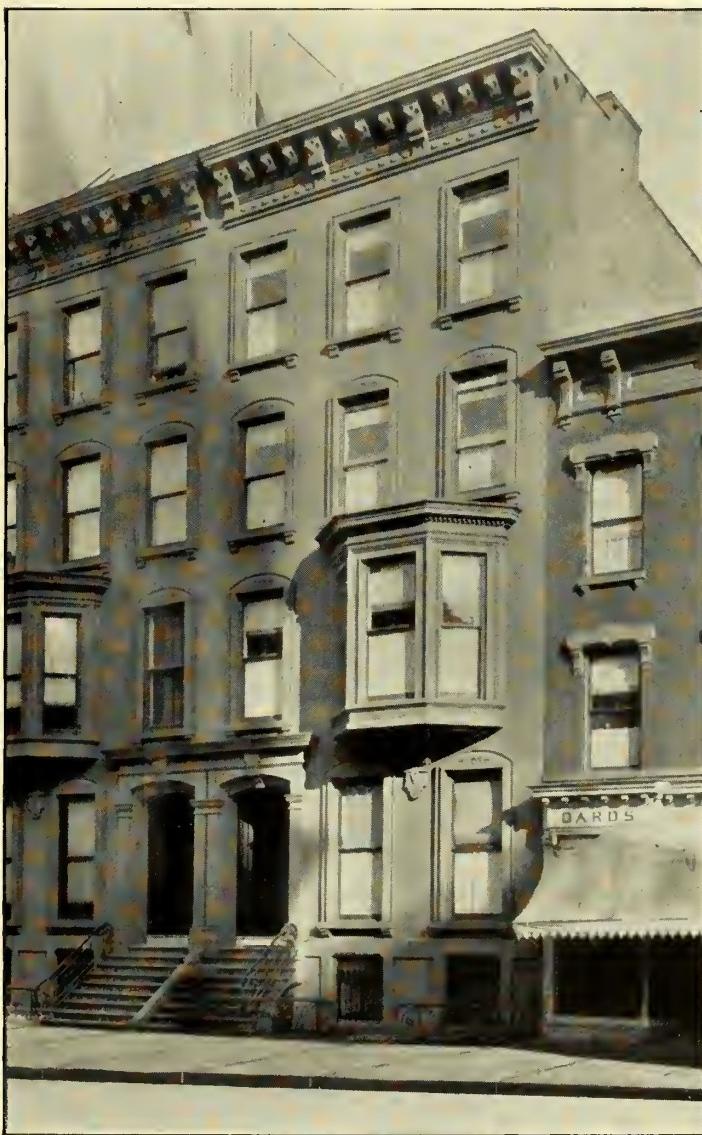
To what are we looking forward? A life of wider activity, due to more prosperous external conditions, in a well-equipped building where we shall enjoy the advantages of a gymnasium, a theatre, a library, a lunch-room, and possibly, dormitories; to the new curriculum, offering a more extended variety of study; and to a consequent increase in the number of students. Truly, the outlook is propitious, and we rejoice at the prospective welfare of our Alma Mater. But when we turn to the true life of the college, the inner life of the spirit of the students, shall we find that it, too, will develop in proportion with the outward prosperity? Those of us who have lived in, and love the old buildings, feel that the new conditions cannot foster deeper love for the college life than have the unpretentious beginnings of which we have been a part.

There have been inconveniences untold, it is true. We have been crowded and cramped and packed in until we have almost gasped for a breathing-space; we have had lunch-room, club-room, lecture-room, study, and chapel, all within the same four walls, where it is impossible to sit in comfort without being suffocated by the heat, or almost driven out by the

cold. But these have been merely external conditions which we have not minded except in a desultory sort of way as the indispensable something to grumble at, for the discomforts have bound us only the more closely together in our resolve to disregard them and to *make* a college life and college spirit in spite of all difficulties. The rooms which have in turn been characterized in so many ways, are not the less dear to us on that account, but the more so.

It may also be true that we have a curriculum narrow in comparison with that which is to come, and that in classes of fifteen or twenty we have not obtained the great breadth of view which might have been attained through contact with classes of seventy-five or one hundred, but, on the other hand, we have known those about us well, and have come into broader sympathy with a greater number by this intimate knowledge with the comparatively few than could easily have been possible with a larger number. Moreover, through this same fewness of numbers, our mutual relations have been those of members of the college as a whole, not those between class and class. We have ever been one in our interest and spirit, and one in our desire to prove that even in unpropitious surroundings, when there is a will back of the desire, it is possible to make a productive college life from very scant materials, and that higher education can be successful in the truest sense of the word, even without external stimulus, when the aim of all is to attain to a standard of intelligent, broad-minded sympathy and an influence which shall work for the best that is in the world.

A. C. W.









The Junior's Comforts and How She Gained Them.

(With apologies to Robert Southey and Lewis Carroll).

“ You are old, reverend Junior,” the Freshman said,
“ Your position is dignified quite,
Yet you treat every course as a jolly old lark,
Do you think at your age it is right?”

“ In my youth, my dear daughter,” the Junior replied,
“ I feared I might lose reputation,
But since I’ve conclusively proved I have none,
I risk it with great exultation.”

“ You are old,” said the child, “ one would think you too weak
To enjoy such exertion as walking,
Yet you pace arm and arm down the hall and the stairs,
Forever incessantly talking.”

“ In my youth,” said the sage, “ I took Sophomore Greek,
And studied the Peripatetics,
And their noble example has taught me the worth
Of both pedal and lingual athletics.”

“ You are old,” said the child, “ one would hardly suppose
You could sandwiches eat with facility,
Yet you’ve brought them three years, and consumed six a day,
Whence comes this astounding ability ? ”

Said the sage: “ I once studied Psychology A,
And believed in each psychical tale,
And the swallowing power I gained in this way,
Has never been noticed to fail.”

“ You are old,” said the child, “ but you play all the time,
And come to class unprepared ever,
Yet your bulletin records disclose not an E,
What made you so awfully clever? ”

“ I have answered three questions, and that is enough,”
Said the Junior, “ Don’t give yourself airs.
Do you think ‘Ninety-eight hasn’t learned how to bluff ?
Be off to your nursery up-stairs.”

J. W. H.

Two Examinations.

IN ROOM A.

THE proctor arrives an hour and a half late. "There were unexpected complications this morning. However, this is an easy paper; I don't believe in hard examinations.

Let's go over the questions together. The first one may be answered by three words, or possibly four. The first word is 'The,' so that doesn't count. The second word begins with M and ends with y. Now the second question may be answered in two words. Oh! Yes! You surely remember that, Miss B—. I gave a whole lecture to that play on the 23rd of January. Shakspere took the part of the Ghost, you know. If any of you were absent, why, of course that question won't count. What's the matter, Miss A—? You look worried. If you prefer to leave the examination until spring, it will be all right. The marks are only tentative, anyhow. How far are you, Miss C—? First rate, first rate,—very good, yes! Well, if you have all answered the first five questions you need not bother about the rest, as it is almost lunch time." The professor corrects the books on the way down stairs and reports fifteen A's at the Registrar's office.

IN ROOM C.

"To begin with, I should like to state that the questions must be answered as fully as possible. There are only sixteen, but it would not be well to spend more than three hours on each. Furthermore, I would suggest that, although no one is officially debarred, to be sure, yet, of course, an undue number of cuts may possibly affect the grades materially. I should like to qualify this statement, however, by reminding you that I am not responsible for the rules, so-called. No! I shall leave you to interpret the questions yourself, Miss H—. The situation, I think, is clear."

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE.

JANUARY, 1897.

1. Outline the history of the world from the Fall of Adam to the Rise of the Dutch Republic.
2. (a.) Discuss fully Metternich's policy and practice in the affairs of Cape Colony, Kamschatka, Oklahoma, the Hebrides, and Five Points.
(b.) Show the development by sketch maps.

3. (a.) Trace the direct influence of Benedetti upon Bimetallism.
(b.) Illustrate by references to his correspondence with his wife.
4. Königgrätz.
 - (a.) Give names of commanders, staff-officers, lieutenants, and ten privates in the several armies.
 - (b.) Give positions of each at 3, 7, 9 and 11:30 A.M., July 3d, and also at noon on July 4th.
5. Discuss the effect of the geography of Europe upon the history of China.
6. Trace the development of the financial policy of Monte Carlo.
7. Compare the views of Grote, Emerton, Herodotus, and Bryce on the Fall of Rome, with particular reference to the salient points in Fyffe's treatment of the question.
8. State the tangible results arising from smoking a pipe in Milan. Illustrate by diagram.
9. Name and explain in detail all the Treaties of Paris and of London, including Protocols and Preliminaries.
10. Explain the significance of the bill which was passed in Austria simultaneously with the French electoral arrangements decreed by the king who was supported in power by the Spanish Hapsburg dynasty.
11. Sketch briefly the character of the French kings contemporary with Omar Khayyám.
12. Indicate fully by a series of maps the territorial changes in Europe from the Aryan Invasion till 1878.
13. (a.) State all the provisions of the Treaty ratified at the close of the war which resulted in the second step toward the disintegration of the Empire of Abu-l-Abbas.
(b.) Expand on the fifth clause.
14. Distinguish the terms, "prorogue," "abrogate," "dissolve," "disband," "adjourn."
15. State attitude and methods of Szechenyi, comparing him with Windischgrätz, Capodistrias, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon, with criticism based upon the degree of success attained by each.
16. Give the itineraries of the ambassadors of the Great Powers after quitting all capitals.

History Class.

(With respectful apologies to Mr. Kipling and his "Cholera Camp.")

We've got the 'istory in class, it's worse than Rhetoric,
The mass of stuff 'e gives us is enough to make us sick.
We 'aven't time for chapel and we 'aven't time for play,
And Cushing's just informed us we've ten reports to-day.

Then strap your books and go, exams are nearin'
(That's wot we're fearin'),
We may get D and we may get below,
Horatius's doin' all 'e knows to cheer us,
We're goin' to go and ask the Dean to 'ear us,
(to 'ear us)
O, please, because 'e's workin' of us so.

Since last fall w'en college opened 'e's been layin' it on thick,
You can't escape 'is questions by any sort of trick,
'E keeps the roll so closely and we cannot get away,
And we know before we see 'im there'll be ten reports to-day.

'Twould make a Freshman laugh to see our way of doin' things,
A-tryin' to get our lessons for wot each hour brings,
The work for Greek and English gets done as best it may,
W'ile we're 'untin' round the bookshelves for ten reports a day.

Sometimes we come to college in a very studious mood,
We try to find a reference, it doesn't do no good,
Somebody's got that volume, so the loan desk people say,
And we're just left to w'istle for our ten reports a day.

We can't attend the lectures and we can't attend the teas,
We can't go in for honors or do anything we please,
We've 'ardly time to comb our 'air, we've got to peg away
And never stop a moment at those ten reports a day.

We thought w'en we were Freshmen we were quite a clever class,
We didn't know the changes a year could bring to pass.
We'd 'ave been a bit more 'umble and might not 'ave felt so gay
If we'd 'ad to slave till midnight on ten reports a day.

We've got the 'istory in class, we've got it 'ot and sweet,
It ain't no Christmas dinner, but it's 'elped and we must eat.
We've got past the point of cuttin' for we've found it doesn't pay
And we're strugglin' toward the mid-years on ten reports a day.

Then strap your books and go, there's no good fearin',
(exams are nearin'.)
You may get D and you may get below.
And them that doesn't like it, they can lump it,
And them that cannot stand it, they must jump it;
We've got to flunk sometime, someway, some'ow,
We might as well begin to do it now.
So Sophomores, shut up your notebooks slow,
And close your Emerton and Milman, so,
Put up the Bryce in its own proper row,
Oh, strap, strap up your books and go.
('oo'll 'elp us ?)

G. G.



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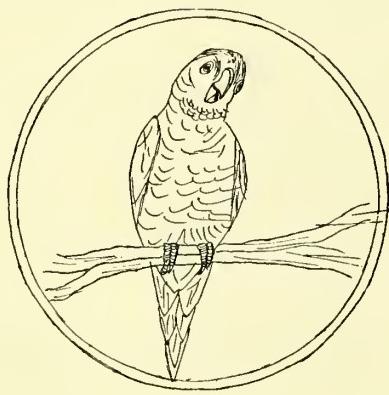
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O, Gentle Reader,

the Editors deem it not only Courteous but Essential,

Humbly to Present

this Slight Word of Explanation in regard to

The Barnard Primer.

They beg you to Note and Bear in Mind,

that

Slang has been debarred except when demanded by the Metre;

Poor Rhymes are justified by the Paucity of Words in the English Language;

Allusions to Personal Appearance have been admitted only when they Rime;

All Eccentricities in Pronunciation may be ascribed to Poetical License.

With this Word of Apology, this Most Insignificant and Unworthy

Effort of their Muse

Is offered to your Courteous Consideration and Just Judgment,

By your Most Humble and Obedient Servants,

The Editors.

A is An impossibility,
It takes super-Barnard ability.
 You may get a few,
 Perhaps one or two,
But not ten or twelve, with facility.

B is for Barnard the Blest
Who gives to her children no rest ;
 Though our work's never done
 We love her like fun,
Our college, the noblest and best.

C is for Curious Cranks ;
They are found in all stations and ranks.
 Some would have us be prigs,
 Some would have us be digs,
And all of them frown on our pranks.

D is for Diligent Day,
Who cometh with joy to the fray ;
 And in partisan fights
 With the free-silverites,
He carries things all his own way.

E is for Emily James
Smith, Dean ; she our ardor inflames
 For Berkeley and Kant,
 For Plato and Dant—
E and any amount of such names.

F is for Flippancy Frowned-on ;
'Tis only in '98 found, on
 The Registrar's word
 And others', we've heard,
What can they this fallacy ground on ?

G is for Giddings the Great ;
And this is quite all we can state.
 He has Seniors, 'tis true,
 And Graduates too ;
But not yet has he met '98.

H is for Hyslop Hypnotic,
Who talks of the lens and sclerotic,
 Of dreams, apparitions,
 And mental conditions,—
'Till our own mental states are chaotic.

I—Iridescent red Ink.
The instructors' invention, we think ;
 For they use it galore,
 Make our themes look like gore,
'Till we wish they had naught else to drink.

J is for Jovial James
Sherlock Holmes's acuteness he shames.
 He possesses wide knowledge
 Of all those in college—
Their ages, their courses, their names.

U—the Unkind Undergrad.
That jumps on us when we are bad ;
 If we write for the papers,
 Or cut any capers,
We are disciplined. Then we get mad.

V is for Vacuum Vast—
Mentality overharassed,
 The state of the brain
 When driven insane
By exams, present, future, and passed.

W—Words Weary and Worn
That waken the Faculty's scorn.
 When each theme that we write
 Reappears, labelled “Trite,”
Is it strange we feel flat and forlorn ?

X is the question unknown ;
Twice a year it elicits a groan.
 When the bell starts to ring
 We scrawl any old thing,
And retire to the basement to moan.

Y for the Yard-wide back-Yard ;
To have this for a campus is hard ;
 But next year on the Heights,
 We'll see far different sights,
And the Hudson and Grant's Tomb regard.

Z—for the thunderer Zeus,—
We privately think him a goose
 For keeping his home,
 On Olympian dome,
When our New Site is ready for use.

&C. for all things omitted
That were not for this alphabet fitted—
 And letters were few
 So what could we do ?
We used them all up and—then quitted.

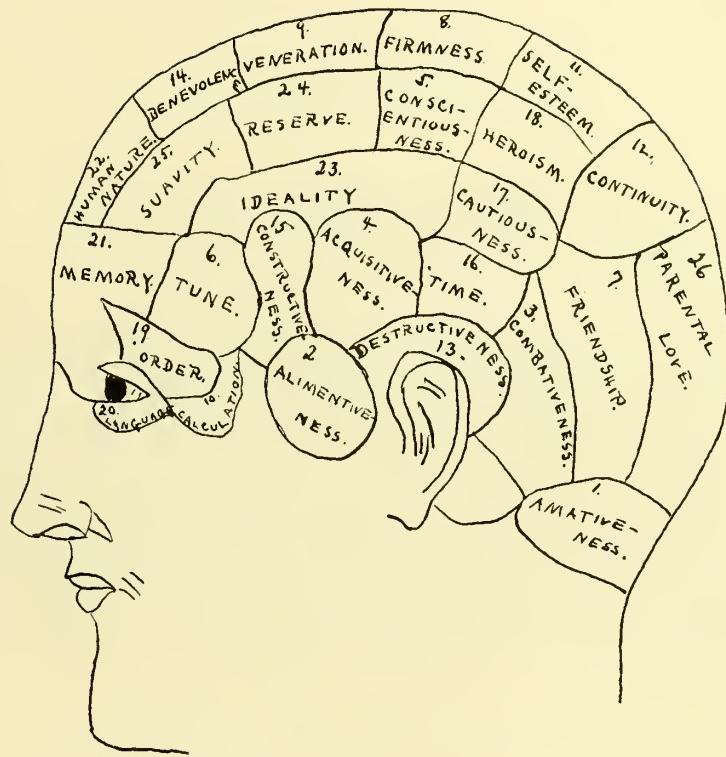
An Invitation to the Suburbs.

JUVENAL, SATIRE III, 223-232.
[*Modernized.*]

If you can tear yourself from the last new play or the circus,
Out in Westchester or Jersey a very fine house can be rented
For what you must pay every year for a dark little flat in the city.
Here is a small, neat garden, a well with all modern improvements;
Pure water from Croton itself will be here when the pipes are connected.
And we soon shall have gas and the trolley; already the real estate's rising.
Here, with the hoe as your mistress, live on and dig in your garden,
Whence you may furnish a feast for a hundred friends vegetarian.
Something it is, if afar, in some newly boomed land of commuters,
You are able to call yourself *master*, if only of one little lizard.

J. W. H.

The Brain of the Class of '98.



1. Contributed by A. R. H.	10. Contributed by F. I. A.	19. Contributed by C. de L. B.
2. " " I. E. W.	11. " " Class of '98 en masse	20. " " E. H. B.
✓ 3. " " E. R. L.	12. " " R. B.	21. " " J. I. S.
✓ 4. " " H. St. C.	13. " " J. W. H.	✓ 22. " " E. F. O.
✓ 5. " " E. H. W.	14. " " G. I. P.	✓ 23. " " M. J.
✓ 6. " " A. C. L.	15. " " A. E. H. M.	24. " " F. E. M.
✓ 7. " " S. G. S.	16. " " L. E. L.	25. " " K. S. H.
✓ 8. " " L. F. De H.	17. " " A. M. H.	✓ 26. " " E. J. S.
✓ 9. " " S. I. M.	18. " " A. I. Von S.	

A Point of Etiquette.

THE formality of going to Huyler's is, among Barnard girls, a very subtle thing; but when it is once clearly understood there is little danger of any mistake. If a girl says, "I want you to go to Huyler's with me," the case is plain. She has invited you. If, on the other hand, she says, "Don't you want to go over to Huyler's with me this afternoon?" again the situation is clear. Her query is merely a euphemism, meaning, "Do you care to spend ten cents to-day for soda-water?" Sometimes, however, girls are careless and say, "Come over to Huyler's, won't you?" Now, if your finances are in a flourishing condition, all is yet well. You can go and let the matter turn out as it will. But if your pocket-book contains only an L road fare and a commutation ticket, the problem is a serious one. Shall you accept and run the risk of an awful embarrassment, or refuse and probably see your friend's surprised glance, as she turns away and invites some one else?

I. E. W.

To the Freshmen.

Cram, Cram, Cram,
For the finals, Naughty-naught,
Or you'll not be able to utter,
The lessons you've been taught.

Oh! Well for the hard-working "digs"
Who've toiled with the shovel and spade,
Oh! Sad for the bright-plumaged "birds,"
Who've flittered and frivoled and played.

But the students with hopeful steps
The final great scales are mounting;
The ones, "cum laude" are passed,
The others weighed and found wanting.

Cram, Cram, Cram,
For the finals with mirth and glee,
For in spite of the fact that you cram all you can,
You're likely to get an E.

E. R. L.

A Suggested Course.

IT appears that the gravest charge brought against college women is that they know too much, and, though I have never heard this advanced by any one intimately connected with an institution of learning, it is too serious a matter to be lightly passed over.

The phrase is not ambiguous; it clearly means too much to be attractive; nor is the accusation entirely without foundation. I have known college women so forward and unfeminine that they would betray considerable previous knowledge of a subject, when some member of the stronger sex had shown a kindly disposition to explain it from beginning to end. I have seen them even evince irritation when enlightened upon the higher mathematics by an elderly gentleman, who had perhaps read Euclid in his youth.

These things should not be. Why should our Alma Mater send us forth less well fitted than are our more ignorant sisters to cope with the difficulties of life? There is a simple remedy. Let us be given a Senior course in concealing our knowledge. Surely there are professors at Columbia, if not here, who could successfully conduct such a course. Let us be taught to be engagingly ignorant. We could still delude ourselves with the idea that even in a woman's life a moment might come when intelligence and education would be an assistance and not a disadvantage.

A. D.

A Problem.

[The members of the Rhetoric courses have long puzzled over the relative values of $B+$ and $A-$. An expert mathematician has offered the following satisfactory solution—EDITORS.]

To prove that $B+$ is greater than $A-$.

It is evident that the expression $(A-)$, is equivalent to $(-A)$. To prove this assume:

$$A- = -A.$$

Adding 1 to both members of the equation and squaring, we obtain:

$$A^2 - 2A + 1 = 1 - 2A + A^2$$

Since this equation is identically true, the first equation must be true. In like manner it may be shown that $B+$ is equivalent to $+B$.

Now, since B is a real positive integer,

$$B > 0$$

$$0 > -A$$

$$\therefore B > -A$$

In this last expression, substituting for $(-A)$ and $(+B)$ the equivalent expressions, we obtain:

$$B+ > A-.$$

Q. E. D.

Corollary.—The mean of $(-A)$, taken to n factors is:

$$\frac{(-A)^n}{n}$$

It is evident that this expression represents the term mark, under the hypothesis that n $(-A)$'s are received. Now when n is even this expression will be positive, but when n is odd the whole expression will be negative, that is to say less than zero; hence it is safer to obtain any number of $(B+)$'s than one $(A-)$.

Note.—The same reasoning may be applied to such expressions as

$$\frac{(B-A)^n}{n}$$

but the scope of the present volume does not permit it to be given at length.

A. D.

Grinds.

"A COLLEGE JOKE TO CURE THE DUMPS."



The Faculty.

"I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other."



E. H. B.—“I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.”

W. T. B.—“Take him for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon his like again.”

H. J. B.—“A fine volley of words and quickly shot off.”

G. R. C.—“Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves.”

J. B. C.—“A diligent lecturer deserves eight pence a pint tuition.”

F. N. C.—“He taught them and they learned.”

H. A. C.—“I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie
E'en to a deil
To skelp and scauld poor dogs like we
An' hear us squeel.”

A. M. D.—“Just as clear as Day.”

J. C. E.—“Who shall dispute what the reviewers say?”

J. H. H.—“My eyes make pictures
When they are shut.”

A. V. W. J.—“A proper man as one shall see in a summer’s day.”

C. K.—“His classical learning is great: he can quote Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and Martial *by rote*.”

N. G. McC.—“He is very swift and sententious.”

G. C. D. O.—“If you’d like it put simply—‘Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.’”

E. D. P.—“Homer will be all the books you need.”

R. C. R.—“I have found you an argument; I am not obliged to find you an understanding.”

C. L. S.—“A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.”

E. R. Von N.—“To all facts there are laws,
The effect has its cause,
And I mount to the cause,”

J. R. W.—“Make haste slowly.”

B. D. W.—“Happy am I; from care I’m free;
Why aren’t they all contented like me?”



The New Buildings.—“Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!”

The Rhetoric Department.—“You never say nothin’ without you’re compelled tu,
And then you say nothin’ that you can be held tu.”

History.—“Since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr—you could never suffer in a nobler cause.”

The Teas.—“I wish they would be quiet
And let me drink my tea.”

Pol. Econ. A.—“This be a theme for him who sings to the men of the present,
Sings to the Utilitarians, sings to the makers of money.

* * * * *

Money in all of its forms and all its representations,
Gold and silver and bronze and clinking copper and nickel.
Eagles and dollars, doubloons and broad satisfactory guineas,
Turkish piastres, and Spanish pesetas, and frances and Austrian florins;
Annas and taels and yen and marks and muscovite roubles,
Ore and lire and thalers and stuivers and drachmas and milreis,
Lakhs of it, stacks of it, piles of it, mounds of it, heaps of it, hills of it,
Ay, and the promise of paper that crisply and cunningly crackles,
Greenish or brown or blue or white or pleasantly purple,
Packed into neat little squares or rudely rammed into bundles,
Great fat sweltering wads that bulge with an opulent bigness."

The Bell—"What harmony is this!"

Sociology Exam.—"No season now for calm, familiar talk."

History Exam.—"In history we have a literary domain where the imagination may be thought to be always an intruder."

Examinations.—"*Morituri salutamus.*"

Ninety-Eight.

"Companions

That do converse and waste the time together."

F. I. A.—"Mine honor is the knife's."

✓ C. de L. B.—"And some loquacious vessels were,

E. H. B.— And some
 Listen'd, perhaps, but never talk'd at all."

R. B.—"Vera incessu patuit dea."

✓ L. F. De H.—"Her mind is made up and thereafter remains
 Made up in a manner emphatic."

A. R. H.—"And what's her history?"

✓ K. S. H.—"I am weary and overwrought,
 With too much work, with too much care distraught."

A. M. H.—“Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.”

✓ J. W. H.—“High flights she had and wit at will,
And so her tongue lay seldom still.”

M. J.—“Come, let us go to a land wherein gods of the old time wandered.”

L. E. L.—“What female heart can gold despise ?”

E. R. L.—“A rosebud set with little, wilful thorns.”

✓ A. C. L.—“'Tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round.”

F. E. M.—“In quietness and in confidence shall be thy strength.”

✓ A. E. H. M.—“Teach not thy lip such scorn: for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.”

S. I. M.—“Great honors are great burdens.”

✓ E. F. O.—“Fearless in praising, faltering in blame,
Simply devoted to other people's pleasure.”

G. I. P.— “Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.”

H. St. C.— “And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew.”

J. I. S.— “Then on, then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still.”

✓ E. J. S.—“Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman rules us still.”

✓ S. G. S.—“I love—what do I not love ?”

✓ A. I. Von S.—“There is more owing her than is paid.”

✓ E. H. W.—“She craves no time for work deferred.”

I. E. W.—“All's well that ends Well[s].”



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we quarrel in print, by the
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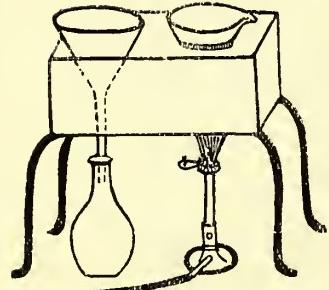
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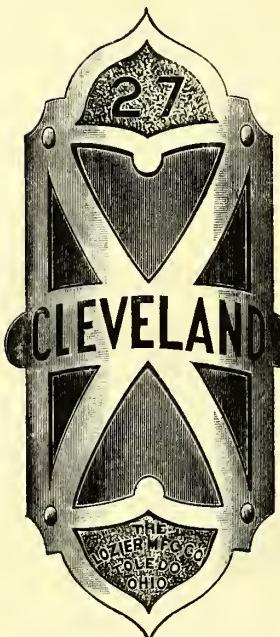
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Gentlemen:—Soon as the "Pierce Special" arrived, I gathered myself together and mounted.

Now, this was the first attempt in four years, and I felt rather shaky, particularly as the start was made on the rough pavement of Fifth Avenue, but when the smooth surface of Madison Avenue was reached, wheeling was like a dream.



On reaching the 34th Street hill, I sat back and pulled on my handle-bars, and just hooped myself up the rise, over the rough stones. I should not have thought anything about the hill myself, only all the other riders seemed to make such hard work, and drop behind.

Perhaps I'm a crank about this doubling up over the handle-bar, but it seems to me one of the best results of wheeling is lost by growing round shoudered over the front wheel. Talk about the missing link—look at the "scorcher."



I haven't ridden enough wheels to make a comparison from experience, but I do know the "Pierce Special" will take a rider up hill without any humpback business.



Well, I wheeled through the park and came home with a straight back, and am going straight back to repeat the ride to-night.



Yours for straightness,

(Signed) ROBT. FITZSIMMONS.

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